JOHN BULL, MAY 26, 1934

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LV.
1458.

FREE SPEECH: by VISCOUNT SNOWDEN SEE PAGES 22 & 24

JOHN BULL

Dentists recommend Odol tooth paste

Especially for children's teeth because it is *triple-milled* and cannot harm the delicate enamel. Dentists approve Odol, too, because it contains Peroxide to whiten the teeth, Para-Esters which are the finest antiseptics, and Chlorates for strengthening the gums.

IN TUBES, 6d. & 1/-

Gerlach

STAIRCASE Tragedies

A TWIST in the staircase . . . a sudden slip of heel or toe . . . then tragedy. Many home accidents have happened in this way. Even *two* stairs only can harbour danger, as in the sad case of Mrs. Emily Marshall, of 6, Frith Road, Croydon She caught her foot in the worn linoleum covering the two stairs that lead to her kitchen, and fell heavily to the ground. Her injuries, though apparently simple, proved fatal; she died, despite every effort to save her, including blood transfusion by her nineteen-year-old son.

JOHN BULL PAYS £110 CHEQUE

Mrs. Marshall's husband, as one of our registered readers, has received from JOHN BULL a cheque for £110, which includes the 10 per cent. bonus added to every benefit paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

Would you imagine that worn lino could result in a grave, even fatal accident? Many are the serious mishaps occurring in home and garden, and all through mere trifles. At the "Home Safety" Session of the National Safety Congress, held in London recently, it was revealed that there are over 7,800 *fatal* accidents yearly in the home, and that among the causes of these accidents are scalds from the copper boiling over . . . fingers trapped in the mangle . . . stairs . . . kitchen fires . . . windows . . . awkward steps . . . throwing away lighted cigarettes. . ."

JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance, the greatest insurance Gift ever offered to readers of a paper, covers everyday risks in the home, garden, on the sports field, boating and bathing. It also covers Burglary and Children's Accidents.

Moreover, JOHN BULL is the *only* paper to safeguard the home against Fire, Storm and Flood Damage, and to pay benefits for Sickness, and the *only* paper that adds a welcome 10 per cent. bonus to benefits paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

Fill in the forms below right away. You cannot be too quick, for none of us know what to-morrow may bring.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

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..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 26/5/34

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

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Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

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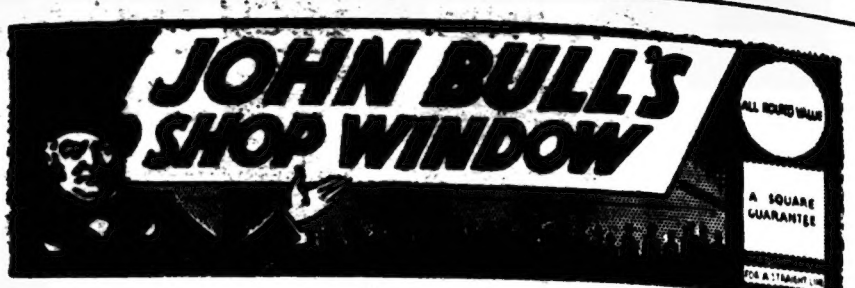
..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 26/5/34

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW



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Are You Neglecting Your Dog's Health?

'Poor Old Chap!'

Tell him you can make him feel better to-morrow! Get him sixpenny worth of Sherley's Tonic and Condition Powders. That's what he needs! This famous doggy tonic will quickly make him feel better. They contain just those blood purifying elements which Nature intended him to have.

And you'll *both* be pleased at the difference it will make to him. They'll purify his blood, renew his energy, restore his appetite, increase his vitality and make him feel as fresh as a puppy again.

6d. per packet of 9 powders. 1/3 per packet of 24 powders. From chemists, stores and corn merchants.

Dear Master,

I don't feel well! I've lost all my energy and I feel terribly weak and listless. I did try to run after that stick you threw last night.. but I just couldn't. And when you spoke so angrily and called me 'lazy dog,' I knew you didn't understand. I'm not lazy . . . I'd love to romp and play but I'm so out of sorts that really I'm ill. I know what it is! My blood is impure. I'm unhealthy.

When you weren't well last week you were awfully irritable. You pushed me away and grumbled at Mistress. And Mistress said "What you need is a good tonic!" What Please, can't I have a tonic too?

Your faithful dog.

USE ALSO

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WORM Capsules and Powders.
SKINCURE INSECT POWDER.
CANKER Lotion and Powder.

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NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the Shadforth "Bladder Comforter." Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they set to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They remove what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief. Get It Now!

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'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
VALUE 3D
Cash the Coupons

£1,000 Fortune for a Few Words! See Page 39.

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I have written my absolutely interesting book, "Mind, Hands and Keyboard," to explain how I have trained BY POST, in their own homes, during 20 years, over 28,000 adult pupils to play the piano really brilliantly and to read readily at sight. It shows how you may quickly, and without the usual practice—drudgery—learn to play, or learn to play better beyond your dreams. It will be a revelation to—

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Write to-day (any Advanced, Moderate, Elementary, or Beginner) and judge for yourself from the convincing evidence it contains from pupils the world over.

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Send 1/6 NOW

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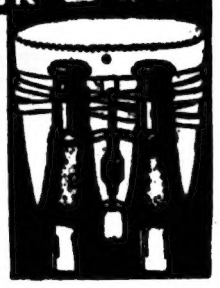

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75 delightful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Wincey Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nightdresses, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Binders, Trunk Sets, Turk. Napkins, etc., etc.

READ WHAT FOR CHASERS WRITE: "I am more than satisfied. No person would trouble to make if they knew of such value. The materials alone would cost me double."

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Yours truly,
A. E., Arfreath.

Dear Sirs,
Very many thanks for your kind letter and cheque value £15. I must say that I am highly delighted at the prompt settlement obtained.
Yours faithfully,
L. E., Aberzyshan.

Dear Sirs,
My client wishes me to compliment you on the promptness of sending his claim of £15.
Yours faithfully,
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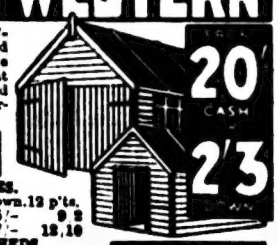

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30 beautifully sprung Easy Chairs (remains of hotel contract), **upholstered genuine rex-hide.** Fitted velvet non-sag cushioned seat. A most luxurious chair and a great bargain. *Photo and patterns sent free.* **Contract price £3 15s. each.**

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Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Hotel & Club Furnisher, 338, Upper Street, Islington, N.1
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This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/6, carriage 1/- ex., we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Brusselette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 20 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. *Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.*

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Send us photo or snapshot (write your name on back) and we will send you within 14 days a faithful life-size enlargement that will not fade. Size 20 x 16 ins. Groups same price.

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MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

THESE 3 ARTICLES ABSOLUTELY FREE!!

Genuine Aircraft Smash-proof lever Watch in Chrome case, warranted 3 years. Also, Highly plated Propelling Pencil and Self-filling Fountain Pen with genuine 14ct. gold plated nib. These THREE articles are YOURS FREE OF ALL CHARGE and sent immediately. This astounding offer is made to popularise our 100 per cent. Sheffield "Double Life" 3-hole type double edged razor blades at 1/- for packet of 18. To receive your 3 FREE GIFTS just buy 3 packets at 3/- (post and packing 6d.). We guarantee money back if these blades are not as good as any 4d. blade obtainable. Send P.O. 3/6 now to:

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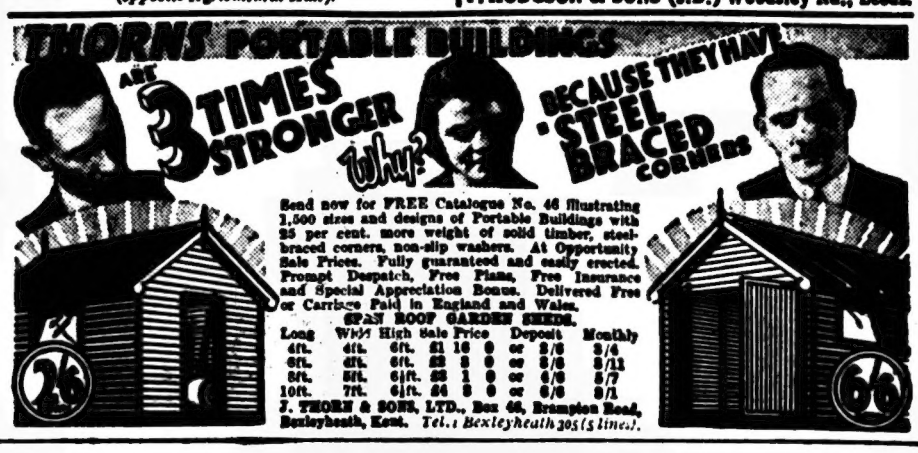

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Chas. Mabey Ltd CYCLE WAREHOUSE, No 24, COVENTRY

NEXT

The Holy Land, the birthplace of the Bible and of Christianity — what is it like to-day?

H. V. Morton, probably the greatest descriptive writer of our time, has returned from a long pilgrimage through the land of the Bible. He brings back with him one of the most remarkable chronicles ever written.

Commencing on Monday next, he will reveal to the world, exclusively through the DAILY HERALD, what he has seen. No living writer can convey—as can H. V. Morton—the wonder, the mystery and the majesty of a subject such as this. Let the titles of the first few articles speak for themselves — here they are:—

Jerusalem the City of Three Faiths
The Tomb of Our Lord
The Garden of Gethsemane
The Black Monks of the Sepulchre
"Searching for the Body of Christ"
The Inn of the Good Samaritan
Jericho and the Dead Sea

and day by day he will continue the story—it is the most unusual and the most fascinating that has ever appeared in a daily newspaper.

He will take you to Bethlehem and to Calvary; he will show you the lost Castle of Machaerus where John the Baptist was beheaded and where Salome danced before Herod; he will tell, simply and beautifully, amid the actual scenes of Our Lord's Ministry, the greatest story of all time.

To read this series of articles will be an incomparable experience. They shed a new and vivid light upon both the Old and the New Testament and illuminate the eternal Truth upon which is founded the Faith of millions.

Remember—the first instalment appears in the "Daily Herald" on Monday next, May 28th—order your copy now and ask your newsagent to continue to deliver it to you every day until further notice.

MONDAY

"THROUGH THE LAND OF THE BIBLE"

by

H. V. MORTON

IN THE

Daily Herald

30 years' cigarette experience is put into the making of these BIGGER-BETTER Black Cat CIGARETTES

Thirty years of cigarette manufacturing experience gives you this new smoking pleasure—this greater value for money.

The NEW Black Cat are larger and contain more and better tobacco than ever. Foil-wrapping preserves their perfect freshness, their full Virginia flavour. Lawson Wood's famous 'Gran'pop' drawings are enclosed in every packet which is as up-to-date in design as the cigarettes themselves.

TRY TWENTY TO-DAY — that's the test!

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● LENGTH INCREASED
● MORE TOBACCO
● IMPROVED QUALITY

The well known Black Cat Red Band are now 11d for 20 and 5½d for 10

20 for 1/-
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JOHN BULL

"John Bull," 26/5/34.

Without Fear or Favour

THURSDAY,

For week ending Saturday, May 26, 1934. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.
6, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

The DEATH-TRAP at the SEASIDE

. . . A happy holiday has been turned to stark tragedy . .

IN a week or two the holiday season will start in earnest. By road and by rail the great rush to the sea will begin. But of the hosts of people who will depart gaily for a healthy, happy holiday, far too many will never return home again.

We can, we hope, acquit ourselves of any suspicion of scaremongering when we draw attention to this tragic fact. It will have to be faced very soon by the responsible authorities. They must be driven to deal with the appalling yearly rise in the number of bathing fatalities at the seaside during the holiday season.

The time has come for some plain speaking on the causes underlying the terrible position. And the time is now, before the annual death-roll starts its usual upward career.

First and foremost, we indict the various seaside municipalities themselves. Very few of them can escape their share of blame for the neglect, apathy, and in some cases downright obstruction, which have contributed in a large measure to the toll of drowning fatalities.

THIS year they have all been voting money with a lavish hand for "improvements." By midsummer it is estimated that they will have spent nearly £4,000,000 on making their fronts more attractive; on bigger and better amusements, on wider and smoother roads and promenades.

But how much money has been spent on making their bathing facilities more safe? The widespread growth of the bathing habit, the almost universal teaching of swimming, have provided them with a problem which is reflected in the annual death-roll, and it is a problem which they have done little or nothing to solve.

True, they have erected large swimming-pools which incidentally allows them to "cash in" on the modern bathing habit, but a glance along any seaside front will show at once that the vast majority of holiday-makers still prefer to stay on the beaches, in or near the sea.

And some of these beaches are among the most dangerous in the world. In one week-end last August, in two days, twenty-two people were drowned. In three week-ends over forty perished.

Lord Desborough, Chairman of the Thames Conservancy Board and a great sportsman and swimmer, said recently: "For thirty years I have been eagerly looking forward to the time when as near as is humanly possible bathing in this country will be made safe." He is still waiting.

UNFORTUNATELY there are far too many people on our seaside town councils who argue that to recognise a danger is to draw undue attention to it and frighten visitors away.

The monument to that mean and bigoted shortsightedness is the yearly death-roll and the continuance of death-traps which should have been swept away long ago.

Without making invidious comparisons, two examples can be taken from last summer, at two of our largest and wealthiest resorts, of known and admitted dangers.

On one of the Brighton beaches there was a huge disused pipe running out to sea which was a perpetual menace to bathers. One after another it drowned three people last season, before *towards the end of the year*, the authorities acted, and removed it.

At Blackpool was another, an outflow pipe. It drowned three, two of them children. It was protected only by a notice board.

The coroner adjourned the subsequent inquest because he wanted to know where the beach patrol was at the time of the fatalities. He also wanted to know if the authorities considered nine men sufficient to patrol five miles of foreshore.

Now, it can be said, Blackpool is determined to give a lead to the resorts of the country, not only by enforcing every possible precautionary device and measure, but by strengthening its lifeguard service wherever possible.

The state of protection at other resorts can be easily gathered from inquest statements and the reports at council meetings.

Many places have no such thing as a beach patrol. At others it consists of one or two aged corporation officials whose sole job is to keep their eyes open for infringements of local by-laws concerning bathing costumes and sun-bathing, to see that undressing does not take place on certain sections of the beach, and so taking grist away from the mill of the bathing-hut proprietors who pay dues to the corporation.

Lifeguards in most cases consist of a fisherman or two in a boat, sometimes one boat to two beaches. Often, as was disclosed at recent proceedings at one resort, the fisherman cannot swim!

The remedy is simple.

BRIGHTON, handsomely making up for errors of the past, is also showing the way which all our resorts must follow.

It has tightened up its antiquated beach regulations, made, most of them, as long ago as 1825. It has appointed a beach manager whose *first* responsibility is the protection of sea bathers. Unemployed men are being trained as lifeguards—a nucleus of what is to be a permanent beach force, paid and voluntary.

Adequate life-saving apparatus, too, is being installed, instantly available to every beach, and including such latest scientific devices as the carbon dioxide "gun," which has already had such marvellous results in resuscitating the apparently drowned, in its tests with the Thames river police and other authorities.

We say that every resort should have a proper lifeguard system, an ample supply of the latest life-saving equipment, and should see to it that its man-made dangers such as hidden groynes and pipes are destroyed or adequately protected. Natural dangers can be guarded against by proper beach regulations, stringently enforced. Fools as well as the unwary must be protected against themselves.

ALL these things cost money. They cost time and trouble on the part of someone. But they cost an infinitesimal fraction of what is spent on "window-dressing" fronts and promenades. To have a lower fatality rate is a better record for a resort than to have the largest crowd of visitors. In the end the two will mean the same thing.

Not one penny more should be voted by any seaside place until it has introduced complete and up-to-date life-saving methods, nor should the Ministry of Health sanction further expenditure until this can be proved to have been done.

And it should be done *now*, before another golden summer gives us a terrible death-roll of people whose happy holiday has been changed to stark tragedy.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Playing with the Nation's Health

Dear Food Revolt Coming

A Vicar who Shocks Us

HOW much longer must we wait before something effective is done to check the ever-growing peril to the nation's health that is resulting from the needless epidemics now sweeping this country?

Again and again we have asked the Government to observe the danger signal that has been flown from the communities most afflicted by unemployment where the health of the people has been so undermined by malnutrition that, without intervention, the spread of dangerous and infectious disease was inevitable.

Now the harvest of official neglect is being reaped.

The nation's danger

Every week the extent of the menace is being made clearer by the appalling rise in the numbers of notified cases of scarlet fever, diphtheria and acute pneumonia, and the mounting mortality rate.

Things have come to a pretty pass when isolation hospitals are overflowing and, in the effort to meet the demand for beds, patients are being rushed out after the shortest possible and wholly inadequate period of treatment.

Heroine's long ordeal

Mrs. Parry, the wife of a doctor at Consett, County Durham, has herself just contracted fever after helping her husband for fifteen months to fight the epidemic in that area.

There was not even room for her in the hospital.

Turned away!

Poor-law doctors, district nurses and clinics are, indeed, overwhelmed.

When their jobs were created it was to deal merely with the occasional cases of illness which arise among the destitute in normal times. They can now cope only with an insignificant proportion of the demands for their services.

Most tragic is the necessity, brought about by "economies" and failure to provide for the inevitable, of great numbers of patients having to be isolated in their own homes instead of in hospital wards.

The last barriers against the epidemics spreading far beyond the boundaries of the stricken areas have, therefore, been removed.

Denied all aid

The ever-worsening position arises, of course, almost wholly from the loss of stamina and resistance to disease among those who have been enduring idleness and poverty.

When health begins to fail, great numbers are completely without succour or any kind of treatment. Because of long unemployment they and their families have been deprived of all State medical help and benefits.

And when disease takes its grip there is not even accommodation for them in public institutions! The economy-mongers in the health services are having their reward in full measure.

Terrible charge

It would certainly be a sure method of reducing the unemployment figures to allow the workless and their families to die off in these epidemics.

Some such terrible charge will surely be made against the Government if it does not quickly face the facts.

First and foremost it must restore to all the unemployed and their dependants full medical rights and benefits on a non-contributory basis.

Then, and with equal promptitude, the local authorities must be enabled to bring back their public health services to the level of efficiency and adequacy which prevailed before the fatal economy axe was so ruthlessly and brutally swung upon them.

The revolt we want

Mr. Walter Elliot, Minister of Agriculture, is faced with a revolt by several members of the Food Council and Consumers' Committees.

These bodies are supposed to act as a watchdog for the housewife, but Mr. Elliot has so effectively drawn their teeth that they can't bite. And the food profiteers naturally take no notice of their bark.

But we guess that Mr. Elliot will be bitten pretty badly unless he changes his mind about food prices.

The nation's doctor is "out" to callers —and the appalling spread of epidemic is the result

Stick-in-the-mud

Then there is the crass stupidity of the Government in the matter of working hours. It is going to oppose the proposal for a forty-hour week, which will be discussed at Geneva next month.

We are not surprised at its stick-in-the-mud decision, for it did its best to kill the idea last year.

Some of our Ministers should have lived a century ago.

Taverns for all

And though the Government is going to make legal an extension of drinking hours during the summer, we wish it would also take a few hints from the Isle of Man.

There it is suggested that every public-house should have comfortable seats and small tables in each of its rooms, facilities for other refreshments than liquor, a music licence and—in country districts—petrol and other motoring requirements and the telephone.

What a contrast!

We suppose that would shock some of our bigwigs. They think they are bestowing an immense favour if they occasionally grant a music licence to a "pub." And they seem to regard the public as a congregation of habitual criminals, to be hemmed in by innumerable pettifogging restrictions.

Well, we regard such bigwigs as habitual cranks. Let's have a breath of common-sense from the Isle of Man!

He's at fault

We prefer to believe, too, that Professor F. C. Bartlett was lacking in common-sense when he suggested that people who complain of excessive noise are themselves at fault.

That seems to us just nonsense. And if Professor Bartlett isn't worried when a pneumatic drill starts tearing up the roadway outside his house, he must be deaf.

Where's his reverence?

Another curious idea we dislike is that of the Vicar of Blackpool, the Rev. J. H. Barr. It was proposed to give a big party for a young newly married couple and that they should afterwards be blessed by the vicar in an aeroplane.

We are glad the town has had the good sense to veto the suggestion.

The vicar still thinks there was nothing vulgar about it, but we fancy his parishioners have a better idea of reverence than himself.

Disgrace

And we hope that people everywhere will be shocked to hear that a large number of curates, at present without work, have been forced into the workhouse.

That very many clerics are paid semi-starvation wages is bad enough. But, as a charitable body has just commented, that a minister should be left stranded merely because he hasn't caught the attention of a patron "reflects grave discredit on the Church."

We say it is a damnable scandal.

Everyday martyrs

We are even more sorry for the women who have to share the hard lot of the underpaid and overworked parsons. It isn't difficult to understand the bitterness of Mrs. Thompson, wife of a Congregational minister who is taking over a new pastorate.

"I have advised him to sell his books and start a fish and chips shop," she said in her farewell speech.

No one believes that the Christian minister should be rich. But shouldn't he be allowed to live decently?

Hungry

Then there are those heroines whose disgraceful living conditions we have always attacked — the nurses.

Those in the L.C.C. hospitals are strongly protesting against their meagre rations; and complaining, too, that they have to use margarine instead of butter, and milk that is either watered or condensed.

London's new council, which is already taking steps to improve public health, must not tolerate this shameful anomaly.

Inhuman

Still more inhuman is the Lanarkshire Education Committee, which has penalised a boy for going to his father's funeral.

Had he not taken a day off from school for that sad occasion, he would have won a five years' attendance award. But, says Authority, "the rules must be strictly kept and we don't intend to trifle with them."

A small thing maybe, but it shows the smallness of Authority's mind.

When sport is a crime

Next, we want to make a suggestion about the youngsters who are summoned for playing cricket or football in the streets.

Usually, the father has to lose a day's work to attend court, or the mother has to suffer the humiliation of facing the magistrates.

Why not treat them as motorists are very often treated for petty offences—send them an official caution instead of prosecution?

What we want are more playing fields and fewer summonses.

Too dear

We wish someone could tell us what's the use of providing rural districts with electricity if it's so dear that people can't afford to use it.

We all know that the "grid" is a miracle, but it is a wasted miracle so long as poor country dwellers are expected to pay up to a shilling a unit for lighting.

Surely officialdom should realise that the cheaper the supply, the greater the demand?

Monstrous eviction

Evicted from his home, living in the open street among his belongings for nine months, and then to be summoned for causing an obstruction with his furniture—that is the plight of a man in Thorne, Yorkshire.

Little wonder that when he appeared in court a representative of the county council referred scathingly to "this inefficient and incompetent rural council of ours."

But words count for little. What is wanted is action—and that promptly.

City life

Brave rescues from drowning are common enough, but we must spare a word of admiration for John Armsby, twenty-six-year-old Londoner.

He was walking across Tower Bridge, tired and hungry, when he heard shouts. Two small children were struggling in the water against the fast tide. John dived in and saved them both.

We wish we could say he treated it as "all in the day's work," but he is unemployed and, after a cup of tea, resumed his dreary search for work. Here's wishing you a job, John Armsby!

Rabid

We have no doubt that Mr. William Reece, of Southport, has the courage of his convictions, but we're glad he has now a different sort of conviction—a 10s. fine and costs.

He objected illogically enough—to a young woman lighting a cigarette in the smoking compartment of a train, and he boasts that he has never stooped so low as to smoke in his life.

We wish he would rise high enough to learn his manners.

If he can't do that, let him avoid smoking compartments.

The Fragrant Minute

WISE ACCOUNTANCY

I HEARD a cheerful man exclaim "I've less to live on, now, 'tis true; but to live for—well, I've the same, as much as ever, haven't you?" I did not catch his friend's reply and soon the pair were out of sight. Then swiftly, to myself, said I, "That philosophic soul was right."

Less money, but the same bright sun whose glory is a joy to greet; less money, but there's mirth and fun and still the same old friends to meet; children and animals to love; the benison of flowers and trees; green grass below; blue sky above—less money, but there still are these.

"Less to live on"—painful, no doubt—"but to live for, ah! just as much." He'd turned his dark cloud inside out with wisdom's brave and happy touch. There's still the fight to right the wrong, and weaker folk who need his aid. Less money—but the victor's song as he goes marching unafraid.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

by THE EARL of LISTOWEL

BETTER than DIVORCE!

WHAT greater happiness can there be for a man or a woman than to have a real partner in married life, a true comrade in the wonderful enterprise of homebuilding and a helpmate in the tasks of life? What greater blessing for any child than to spend its most impressionable years in a home where lasting harmony abides?

And yet . . . every year the magistrates in our police courts issue over seventeen thousand separation or maintenance orders, every one of which stands as a sign and symbol of some poignant domestic tragedy.

And not always a final symbol. Too often the separation order is only the first chapter in a story that ends in wretched poverty, imprisonment for the husband, illicit relationships by both, and a drift into juvenile delinquency by the unfortunate children of the wrecked marriage.

What is to be done about this yearly growing tide of domestic disaster?

We all know, of course, that matrimonial dissension is the most difficult of all human problems. We know how little even the personal intervention of friends or relatives is welcomed by either side in a marital dispute.

The record of impersonal intervention—the "assistance" of the courts—is certainly a shocking one. There is that seventeen thousand every year.

Everywhere in the country, magistrates, lawyers, social workers and the multitude of those whose lives have been broken by our present cruel judicial machinery, have been pondering the remedy for this great evil.

Treated as criminals

THEY are asking themselves whether the root cause of the present disaster does not lie in our social system rather than in the character of individual men and women; whether wiser legislation could save thousands of marriages from the doom that awaits them.

My Bill, the Summary Jurisdiction (Domestic Procedure) Bill—which I withdrew last week in the House of Lords when the Lord Chancellor said the Home Secretary was prepared to examine the question of the hearing of matrimonial cases—aimed at a radical overhaul of our present courts system in dealing with marriage disputes.

I believe, and a considerable body of lawgivers and leaders of public opinion who are with me believe, that the gross mishandling of matrimonial cases in our police courts is itself responsible for many of those seventeen thousand marriages which go wrong every year, and that it produces human failures which no human ingenuity or processes of law can afterwards help.

In the first place, the entire attitude of a law court towards people in matrimonial trouble is fundamentally wrong. Their cases are heard in the same atmosphere and treated with the same legal technique as those of criminals such as thieves and even murderers.

Go into any court when "husbands and wives" are to be heard, and what do you see?

The story of an unhappy wife and husband unfolded in a place which a few minutes before was vacated by a burglar or a "drunk in charge." The matter which has brought them to this pass may be founded on some delicate and almost intangible point of personal relationship—yet it is heard, and decided upon, according to what are called the laws of evidence, which can break but cannot mend.

Poor man penalised

THERE is no duty laid upon the court to investigate or to conciliate. Intimate personal details which may have the most profound bearing on the case are missed altogether by the heavily churning wheels of the laws of evidence. In any event, if they come out at all they must do so before a court crowded with public sightseers who have come for a morning's crime entertainment.

This approach to the case of unhappy husbands and wives is as hopelessly mistaken as the similar attitude, until the recent creation of the juvenile courts, to lawbreakers under sixteen years of age.

In all such cases we desire the substitution of cure for punishment, of conciliation, and a chance for mutual agreement, in place of the implacable hostility roused by the courts at present in couples who bring their troubles to it.

They should be able to take their troubles to a magistrate as they would to a father, with as much assurance of sympathy, encouragement and sound advice.

But to a father unprejudiced by personal knowledge about either of them and able to bring to their problem a background of worldly experience and human tolerance.

The rich man, when domestic storms are brewing, can afford to consult the family doctor, the family solicitor, or, if necessary, a professional psychologist.

The poor man, who cannot afford to pay for this expert unprejudiced advice, must have it extended to him free of charge in our courts.

Facility to obtain this hearing of their troubles in an unprejudiced atmosphere, and to get unbiased advice free of charge, are reforms that are long overdue.

I should say that quite 50 per cent. of the present seventeen thousand yearly marriage disasters have gone wrong for the lack of proper outside advice. Many of us can supply plenty of cases from our own knowledge and experience.

There was one cogent instance brought to my notice the other day of a young woman who had been going round from friend to friend, telling them how impossible her marriage had become. She had been married for five years. Her husband, she told them, had become "impossible to live with."

Every night, it appeared, he came home from work silent, gloomy and irritable. He was a "changed man." When she tried to pull him out of his moods by demanding entertainment for herself it only served to intensify them.

All her friends sympathised with her and, fed by their approval, she was on the point of taking her case to the court, sure that she had enough evidence of cruelty and so on to get herself a separation order and "teach him a lesson."

Then she met another woman, almost a stranger, to whom she told her story. This woman said frankly, and almost brutally, that the *husband* had *her* sympathy. She thought it was a case of plain nervous trouble as far as the husband was concerned, and implored the young wife to at least try to see it once from this point of view.

This one piece of outside opinion came as a revelation to the wife, who, although not a particularly stupid woman, had been going round and round in the ring of her own woes. The husband was a sick man, and not a bad husband. The wife found it so, and theirs is now a marriage mended.

"The gross mishandling of matrimonial cases in our police courts is itself responsible for many of the marriages which go wrong," says the Earl of Listowel

A friendly court

I HAVE pleaded for this outside advice by means of what we call a "conciliation summons." By this procedure an unhappy couple could, if they wish, go to the Bench simply and solely for a friendly discussion of their marital difficulties. They could do this before the situation became sufficiently serious to demand a legal separation.

If we eventually had domestic courts there would be none of that police court atmosphere.

The public would be excluded. There would be laymen as well as the magistrate or a trained lawyer on the Bench—for common-sense and sympathetic understanding would be more important than legal knowledge. There would be women sitting there, for who can appreciate a woman's difficulties better than another woman?

The laws of evidence which at present hold in the courts would be relaxed. The parties would be encouraged to tell the whole story without oaths and witness-boxes. They would not be allowed directly to cross-examine each other. The hearing of these matrimonial cases would be held entirely separately from all other court matters.

In certain foreign countries this admirable judicial machinery already exists, and we cannot allow our own land to continue indefinitely without it.

As in other countries, it should save many foundering marriages. It would help to reduce that terrible annual figure of twice seventeen thousand wretched failures. If Parliament eventually sanctions some such reform it will save many broken homes, many broken hearts and lives!

A GREAT SPORT

by

Corinthian

The famous sporting writer

BRITAIN is to have yet another new sport—new at any rate so far as this thrill-loving generation is concerned, although actually an old one revived.

On Tuesday last London saw a professional sprinting meeting of the kind that used to be the rage before amateur athletics ousted the professional contests from public favour.

The initial venture was carefully watched by promoters, for if they are satisfied with the results the cream of British professional runners will soon be racing for money prizes in huge stadiums before crowds of first-class football match dimensions, as their predecessors used to do before corruption crept in to ruin what was once one of our greatest sports.

It will be a hitherto unknown thrill for most people.

For twenty-five years, until now, every athletic meeting in the South of England has been conducted on amateur lines, and, with the exception of such annual events as Edinburgh's famous Powderhall Handicap and Yorkshire's Sheffield Handicap, professional athletics has been the mere ghost of its former self in the North.

A clean start?

Now, in the hope that all the old abuses attendant on the sport have been forgotten, a good clean start made at Hackney on Whit-Tuesday should inaugurate a new era of professional athletics.

Crack track athletes of practically every country in the world are being approached in the hope that the financial success of the venture will merit regular weekly or at least fortnightly meetings at which they will appear. Other promoters are watching in the hope that they will be able to introduce the new-old sport into every part of the United Kingdom.

We shall see lithe young Britons streaking over the 100 yards or 120 yards at speeds that will dwarf all existing amateur records, "star" runners from abroad who have been merely names to us for years, and those "flash races" over 75 yards in which human endeavour is at its very peak, and which are as thrilling as anything Epsom, Brooklands or Aintree can yield.

We may hope to see our amateur athletes improve out of all recognition as a result, and Britain do better than ever in the Olympic Games, because our young amateurs will undoubtedly be set "on their toes" in a spirit of emulation.

All this is what we expect to see. It is what we shall see unless the old evils that formerly ruined the sport creep back. They must never be allowed to do so.

There has never been anything more scandalous to defame the fair name of British sport than those happenings that a quarter of a century or so ago led to the decline of professional athletics in this country.

I remember how, when, nearly thirty years ago, a close sporting friend of mine was racing at one of the biggest meetings in the Midlands, not so very far from Birmingham, a man came into the dressing-room just before the race and coolly instructed my friend to lose by a few inches.

He rose up in anger, whereupon the intruder pointed out that the bribe for losing would be twice as big as the first prize, and that if he *did* make any effort to win he could *"look out for himself"* anyhow.

My friend did what I could always rely on him doing—ordered the man out and set out to win. The fellow walked out with a look of cynical indifference on his face.

Well, the race started. My friend held the lead from the start. He was within fifteen yards of the winning tape, and leading easily, when a dramatic thing happened that must seem almost unbelievable to anybody reading these lines to-day.

A shot rang out!

In that same second a look of agony appeared on the face of my friend, and he paused just for one crucial moment before getting into his stride again, so losing the race.

Somebody with a pistol in the crowd had plugged his arm with a bullet to put him out of the race. And not only were the spectators round where the shot was fired too terrified to say anything of what they had seen, but my friend was warned that if he made any effort to find his strange visitant he would undoubtedly get the next bullet in a more vital spot.

Here is another such happening I can vouch for from personal knowledge.

A young lad engaged in a rolling-mill showed such promise as a sprinter that I predicted a possible world record for him. His times were so remarkable in practice that when he appeared at a leading meeting in the North I was sure he would carry everything before him.

In actual fact he put up the most miserable effort at running I have ever seen in my life.

He began to make excuses to me afterwards, but I put it to him point-blank that he had been terrified into losing, and he agreed that it was so.

The tout of a bookmaker's gang had told him that he would be allowed to win after a succession of bad failures, but he mustn't try to win until they gave him the word.

Ambushed

He would be allowed to win, of course, when his losing sequence was so bad that nobody would have a shilling bet on him. That much was obvious.

As it happened I was able to talk that boy round into defying them—just once, as an experiment, to see what would happen.

To fire a bullet at a sprinter is impudent criminality, of course, but what happened to that lad when he took my advice and ran to win was even more extraordinary.

A crowd of thugs rushed out to a

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Mental AGONY

JOSEPH CONRAD tells in one of his stories of a young man who fell in love with a good woman and found his love returned. But there was a barrier between them that she did not know about.

He had committed a black crime against someone near and dear to her. He could have kept silent about it and married her; at first he meant to do so; she would never have known; but as the time drew nearer when their lives would be united he felt that he could not take her with such a monstrous lie on his soul.

Something inside him compelled him to blurt out the awful truth though it meant renouncing her for ever and killing the earthly happiness of both.

Does the same thing ever happen in real life? Not often, perhaps; but it does sometimes. That it happens at all is evidence of a divine element in human nature. The wickedness and wrong-headedness of mankind are only too apparent in these troublous days, but we are never left without tokens of that innate sense of right and wrong that is the source of our sublimest efforts and most heroic self-sacrifice.

One is constantly being taken by surprise at the mingled meanness and nobleness of which men are capable. Some can practise double-dealing without a qualm; others must be straight at all costs; but you will rarely find anyone, however despicable, who will not try to justify himself in his own eyes as well as those of other people.

That distinguished psychologist, Dr. Adler of Vienna, says that out of the thousands of criminals he has had to do with in the exercise of his profession he has never known one who has not up to the very last done his best to persuade himself that his evil-doing was not as bad as it looked.

The Bible describes a good man as one that "speaketh the truth in his heart," "backbiteth not with his tongue," and "sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not." There are not very many of whom this is true all the way round, but there are very few of whom it is not true at all. Most of us know in our hearts that there are some things we would not do, whatever the cost to ourselves in pain and loss or even death.

That mysterious monitor we carry within that we call conscience will not let us behave like a beast or a devil without suffering for it; and, strange to say, we are willing to accept still greater suffering rather than let beast or devil obtain the upper hand.

Have you ever sustained the terrible shock of finding out that one you looked up to and in whom you had perfect confidence had been guilty of a shameful action long ago? Do you feel you cannot forgive it? Think again. You little know what that man has endured in secret because of his lapse from rectitude.

You measure him by the deed; but he is not that deed; he is more and other than any of his deeds bad or good; and when a man becomes incapable of repeating a transgression he formerly committed, he is as clean as though he had never committed it at all. The fires of repentance are purifying flames.

In the words of Robert Burns:

"Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it.
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

Comes Back —

"Here is human endeavour at its very peak"—a study in "finishing" expressions of amateur sprinters, who are now to have a new test of their prowess

— but the old CORRUPTION must NOT come with it

Giants of the track of twenty-five years ago—W. R. Applegarth, crack sprinter (left) and Alfred Shrubb, international long distance champion

point which he would have to pass. A walking-stick shot out of a forest of legs just as he came along, well ahead of the others.

The crook of the stick caught him by the ankle, and he was actually held like that until the others had passed the post.

On another occasion a spectator actually ran out towards a sprinter who was obviously going to win unless hampered in some way and held him back by throwing an arm round his neck and pulling him to the ground.

Dogged!

One of the most extraordinary attacks on a sprinter who had insisted on "running to win," despite the offers and warnings of the bookmakers' touts, was carried out by a dog and was never recognised as an attack by the spectators who were not "in the know."

The crooks on the ground knew that there was one man whom they could not bribe. They decided, therefore, that they would not approach him, but would take a certain course of action in the event of his leading twenty yards from the tape.

It was an incredible thing that happened just before his victory seemed certain. He was not more than fifteen yards from the tape when he saw leaping at him a huge and, as he soon discovered, well-trained dog. Within a trice he was on the ground with the animal on top of him, with an apparently annoyed dog-owner running up to call off his huge pet.

Explanations were profuse. The dog had slipped his lead. He was not ordinarily a fierce dog, but, being well trained to catch intruders, had imagined the runner to be a thief and had dealt with him accordingly.

The runner knew pretty well that there was dirty work behind it—but how was he to know that he had been indicated to the hound as an enemy before the race began, that a certain distinguishing odour had been imparted to his running-pumps so that the animal would make no mistake, in short, that he was a victim of "the gang"?

The crooks who stage-managed many of these meetings to suit their own betting "books" did not even hesitate to sink to such extreme measures as "dope" when the necessity arose. I have had no personal experience of this, but I have heard from well-authenticated sources many stories of the use of dope.

Charlie Athersmith, one of the finest footballers Aston Villa ever had, and who was also one of the greatest professional sprinters of his day, once told me that he would never drink or eat a mouthful of anything away from his own home when in training for a race.

Bookies' rule

Why? Well I asked him that. And he was content to tell me that he was afraid of being doped because "he knew a few of the things that went on."

One might ask why the culprits were not handed over to the police.

One may just as well ask the same question about the gangsters of Chicago, for these pests of British sport twenty-five to thirty years ago were the small-scale counterparts of the modern gangster.

They arranged who should win. They made their "books" accordingly. And it was a case of heaven help anybody who did anything to hinder them in any way in their nefarious designs.

Not that I haven't known things go wrong for them.

I remember a bookmaker, the biggest on the ground, refusing to pay out on what was apparently an excellently run race because he felt sure that an objection had been raised that would be overruled.

Into the duckpond

What had actually happened was that the winner had won despite the warnings and threats of this man, after giving him the impression that he wasn't going to try.

While the bookmaker was delaying payment his touts were moving heaven and earth to get an objection made and persuade the judges to order a re-race.

As it happened, the judges couldn't be moved. The crowd round the bookmaker's stand became more and more angry as the delay continued. The bookmaker called up his two hired pugilists in despair, but it was obvious they could do nothing against so many.

Then came the news that the race had to stand, and the mass of people made one final, definite demand for payment.

Payment? It was hopeless to expect it. Not every penny on the ground would have paid out what that bookmaker owed, so certain had he been of the result.

They stole his satchel and his money and broke up his stand. When he fainted, they shouted out that he should have water to revive him and threw him unceremoniously into the middle of the dirtiest possible pond.

I was sorry to see a man beaten up in that way, but I have known many keen young sprinters who have been beaten up for doing nothing more than win a race against "instructions."

I have met men who might have been fine sprinters, perhaps athletes of world renown, if such dirty tactics had not frightened them away from the track.

"What were the judges doing?" you might wonder. They were just as helpless as everybody else.

I remember that their usual decision, even when a man had been attacked while running or held back by sheer brute force, was always that where the first, second and third prize winners had done nothing illegal there was no need to order a race to be re-run.

"After all, the winners of races can't be held responsible for the accidents and mishaps that befall other competitors," was their usual declaration in such circumstances.

Accidents and mishaps, indeed! What a way to describe gang tactics that fell little short of maiming a man on some occasions.

These things are just a few of the hundreds of horrors that once smashed up professional athletics in this country. We never want to see the like of them again.

This is going to be the greatest year for athletics since the Olympic Games were held in London twenty-six years ago.

Let them watch

There will be the A.A.A. championships, which confer the British titles. There will be, in August, the British Empire championships—the Empire's own Olympic Games—on which all the Empire titles depend.

In addition to the usual Oxford-Cambridge contests, Oxford and Cambridge will put a team in the field in London against Princeton and Cornell, the American 'Varsities.

And then there will be this revival of professional athletics.

Well, the professional runner is just as much a good fellow as the professional footballer or cricketer. Nobody can deny that a poor boy with a miraculous turn of speed has just as much right to turn his sprinting ability to account as a boxer has to capitalise his punch.

It will be good, clean, thrilling sport—if the promoters are watchful of the baneful outside influences.

Let them be on their guard.

BRAIN TRUST REVELATION

"Industry cannot permanently base itself on public deception."

This is the essence of the smashing indictment of modern industrial methods by Professor Tugwell, chief of the American Brain Trust. In his revealing article in *Clarion*, out to-morrow, we are given a privileged glimpse of the engine-room of Roosevelt's ship of State. Read this brilliant article about the powers behind the White House in *Clarion* to-day.

Knock the "MISTER" out of CRICKET!

DEAR LORD CROMER, — Well, now that you are to be the President of the M.C.C., the Grandmother of All Cricket, you have a small job of work to do, one that, if done, will stop the bosses of cricket from looking ridiculous.

You, after all, can do it. You, as Lord Chamberlain, have to keep one eye on the Glass of Fashion and the other on the Mould of Form. You strike out the would-be debutantes who are not quite exclusive enough to be asked to Court. You help choose the people who are to meet the King at the Royal Garden Party.

No one can criticise you if you do what none of your predecessors has had the sense to do—cut out all this silly nonsense between cricket's so-called "amateurs" and so-called "professionals."

* * *

When the West Indians came here, not many months ago, Lord's saw what must have made the Dilehards writhe—coloured men coming down the centre aisle from the pavilion and white men sneaking round from the back. The negroes were called "amateurs" and the white men, who had to do a dive, were called "professionals."

If the present condition of things goes on, really I think Lord's ought to start making cricketers return to the old top-hat days. I expect they wore top-hats then to show how gentlemanly they were. Now, the "Gents" could wear toppers and the "Players" bowlers. It would be no more silly

When Tom Webster, the cartoonist, introduced three champions at the Variety Command Performance, he called them "Alex James," "Jimmy Wilde" and "Mr. Fred Perry." They all came from the same class, for Fred Perry's father is a Co-op. official. But, even if he had been born what is called a "gentleman," he is lawn tennis champion of the world. That was why he was there.

Well, a few days ago, Lord's was made to look even more ridiculous than usual. Even cricket reporters who, for years, have kow-towed before the M.C.C. mandarins, actually ventured to criticise at last.

Patsy Hendren, one of the most popular cricketers in the world, was, as you know, the only professional playing for the very poor M.C.C. team.

If more "pros" had been chosen it would not have been such a weak side. So poor Patsy had to walk out all alone! The ten gentlemen, "Mr." This and "Mr." That—some papers still "Mr." the moneyed ones, giving "professionals" merely their surnames—all went out from the middle. Then poor little Patsy looked so lonely walking across the grass that he got an ironic cheer loud enough to make one of the M.C.C. committee drop his eyeglass.

* * *

The strange thing is that it was Patsy Hendren who, in the M.C.C.'s first innings, scored 135—seventeen more runs than any other two of the players!

So, next time, "Mr." Chapman, the captain, let Hendren walk out from the middle, next after him.

Now, surely that will be the end of all that nonsense! Surely you will now get past your committee a rule that all the cricketers playing at Lord's shall be treated just the same!

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to LORD CROMER

Lord Tennyson, who, if he is not a poet, is at least a peer, leads the whole Hampshire team with him through the centre gate at Lord's. "Mr." Sellars is so democratic that he leads in the Yorkshire eleven, "amateurs" and "players," from the side from which, otherwise, in many matches, only the professionals would walk.

Who cares, to-day, whether a man is a so-called amateur or a so-called professional? Surely everybody knows that the Australians are paid. If they were not, they could not come here. Indeed, they will receive more for their share of the gates this season than any professional cricketer in this country.

Don Bradman is a professional cricketer. Being an Australian does not make him a gentleman. People go to see him bat because he scores centuries. Besides, they all call him Don, anyway. Is it a Spanish title?

You know, as I do, that no cricketer can play county cricket without payment, direct or indirect, unless he has considerable means of his own. Does the word "gentleman" depend on how much money you have got?

I can remember when "gentlemen" used to get such jobs as the treasurership of their county club in order that they might be called "amateurs." I know of a world-famous cricketer who was kept by a very rich cricketer in order that he could maintain his so-called amateur status. W. G. Grace lived on cricket. How else could he manage?

You must know about this. Anyway, the public know. And the public insist, in these times, that it is the scores that matter, and not the "Mister" part of it. In fact, to-day, the Mister is a mystery.

Besides, we want to beat the Australians. Test matches are a test of cricket, not of pedigree; of sport, not of moneybags.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Postmaster-General

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY,—I hope you read the Mayor of Southampton's story of a Post Office messenger who was promoted to another town as postman, but who had only ninepence left of his wages after paying board, lodging and union subscription.

Such cases—and I have told of many—help me to understand how your department manages to make vast profits.

But they also fill me with profound disgust that wretched wages should be paid in the name of the British public.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. COOK,
Manchester

DEAR SIR,—Boarding schools for poor children may be an idea that comes from your heart—but I don't like it.

The place for a child is with its parents, however poor they may be, so long as their influence is good.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. P. LE SEELEUR,
Gorey, Jersey

DEAR SIR,—Some folk's humour needs curbing. Yours, I hope, has been curbed by a fine of £20.

"For a joke," you sent a man and his wife a parcel of dead rats, with the result that the woman become seriously ill.

The court described your idea of a joke as "despicable." Yes—and idiotic as well. JOHN BULL.

Mrs. JANE EVANS,
Glyncorrwg, South Wales

DEAR MADAM,—Though some may decry the B.B.C., I expect you will for ever sing its praises.

For twelve years your son has been lost to you; the death of your husband and daughter left you an aging and lonely woman.

But a world-wide radio appeal on your behalf reached your son in the Australian bush, and now a reunion is being arranged. I rejoice with you in your new happiness. JOHN BULL.

LADY ASTOR, M.P.: You hope time will come when State will bury us all. I hope State will first see everyone has chance to live decently.—JOHN BULL.

Alderman CHUTER EDE,
Surrey County Council

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—You have been told that if Epsom High Street is widened you will be hanged on the nearest lamppost. But other people threaten that if it is *not* widened someone—apparently you—will hang for it.

They must take you for a Solomon.

JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS,
Bristol Health Committee

GENTLEMEN,—Some of you want the police band to play at municipal functions without fee, but the Musicians' Union rightly objects.

I suppose if any of the police were song-and-dance artists in their spare time you'd want them to give you a turn or two for nothing!

As it is, you are getting the band at a cheap rate. Be content with that and let shame curb your meanness.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. LUCY FISHER,
Bolton

DEAR LUCY,—Love shouldn't laugh at law as well as locksmiths.

Having failed to get your parents' consent to your marriage, you forged a document purporting to give the necessary permission. Still, as you are only eighteen, I'm rather glad the magistrates let you off with a scolding.

But I hope no other young woman imitates your foolishness.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. M. LOVE,
Ministry of Health Inspector

DEAR SIR,—That was good, plain speaking when you said that no investment is permanent and that people have no right to expect that investment in house property should show a profit from generation to generation.

It is just the answer required to those people who try to make us shed tears for the slum landlords.

A house is either worth living in or it isn't—that's all that matters.

JOHN BULL.

J. J. MACK,
Matlock

BRUTE,—Forty-eight hours after you had buried it in a tied sack in a rubbish heap, a dog was discovered to be alive. Now you are disqualified from holding a dog licence for two years and have been sent to prison for six months, with hard labour.

The dog had to be destroyed. *You are luckier.* JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. SEARBY,
Alfreton Solicitor, Derby

DEAR SIR,—Where's your sense of humour?

You complain that after the county court bailiff had turned a woman out of a house, he returned later and found her inside again, finishing her day's work at the wash-tub.

"No doubt," you said sarcastically, "the lady felt she had been very clever in getting back into the house behind the bailiff's back." Well, hadn't she?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. HEWETT,
Essex County Council

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—You want the Lord Chancellor to note the inadequate fines imposed on milk adulterators. And, like me, you have a poor opinion of many of our lay magistrates.

Indeed, you refer to them as "amateurs who, while doing their best to be impartial, have a kindly interest in other people in the same line of business as themselves."

Yes, let us have paid magistrates who are really impartial!

JOHN BULL.

A. H. T. SHARPE,
Canvey Island

IRREVERENT SIR,—Seeking to start a new religion, you should find plenty of time for reflection during your six months in jail.

For you had made allowance for fraud as no sin in your "religious" activities, and sought to pay your expenses by swindling.

And that, I hope, is the last I shall hear of your curious faith.

JOHN BULL.

BISHOP OF LICHFIELD: If Church is to err it should err on side of compassion, you say. That's what the Master would have said, and it would be better Church if all clerics agreed.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. C. A. BINGLEY,
Thurloe Square, S.W.7

DEAR SIR,—They will miss you at Marylebone Police Court; your retirement sees the end of a splendid and popular record of service as a metropolitan magistrate.

Men of your calibre are difficult to replace, for you have never had a conviction upset on appeal. This is a remarkable record in the course of seventeen years.

Please accept my good wishes for a happy retirement.

JOHN BULL.

Capt. R. T. EVANS, M.P.: You predict two years' trade boom, then worse collapse. What's worrying you—indigestion?—JOHN BULL.

ZERO HOUR FOR THE World

War clouds over Geneva—will they be allowed to burst?

by A. G. Gardiner

NEXT Tuesday will be a fateful day in history. The Disarmament Conference reassembles at Geneva, and upon its success or failure hangs the destiny of mankind. If it succeeds Europe will be organised for peace: if it fails, it will be organised for war.

Which is it to be? At the moment of writing a deep depression hangs over the landscape. We are told that the Conference is at its "last gasp," and that it will only meet to perform its funeral obsequies. Even the most hopeful of us recognise that only desperate remedies can save it. What those remedies are we will consider later.

Let us first look at the dark side of the picture. The Conference, which has now been in existence for over two years, came to a crisis last autumn when Hitler discharged his bombshell and withdrew from the negotiations.

That did not wreck the Conference; but it ended it for the time being. It did not break up: it adjourned. The object of the adjournment was to enable the principal Powers to carry on "parallel conversations" in the hope of reaching an understanding which would justify the re-assembly of the Conference, with or without the presence of Germany.

Germany's demand

And now the Conference meets again—perhaps for the last time.

Nothing that has happened in the interval gives ground for encouragement. The parallel conversations between France and Germany have broken down, and the gulf between the two countries has widened. Germany's military estimates have been increased, and the domestic upheaval in France has strengthened the military faction in Paris.

The position that will face the Conference when it meets on Tuesday is roughly this: Germany will not be there. She has announced her terms, and awaits the reply. She wants a short-service army of 300,000 men and a defensive air force of approximately a thousand aeroplanes, and she will return neither to the Conference nor the League of Nations until her demands have been conceded.

To these terms France says "No." She is alarmed by the German estimates, and will not agree to a Convention that sanctions German rearmament. It is possible that she might assent to the present rearmament of Germany if her own arms are subject to no limitation, and if this country will give her "guarantees" that would practically amount to an Anglo-French alliance. In a word, France will consider German rearmament if Britain will guarantee French "security."

Our business

This is out of the question. No British Government would, in the present mood of the country, dare enter into a military alliance with any country. We have done with military alliances, I hope, for ever. Our business is not to back one country against another: it is to back the cause of European peace.

This we have done in the case of the Locarno Treaty, and this we are prepared to do now. "Agree to a disarmament Convention, and we will agree to non-military guarantees for its observance and execution." That is our position.

So much for the three principal protagonists. Italy offers a solution of her own. It is that armaments should be limited to the present level—no reduction and no increase for anybody. But this is not disarmament, nor equality. And it involves no sanctions except those of force.

That is how the stage is set for Tuesday's drama. It is not a cheerful setting, and it is not to be wondered at that there is a pretty general despair of a Convention being reached which will save the Conference at its "last gasp."

But black as things are, the case is not one for despair. Much may happen in the eleventh hour between now and Tuesday, and we may take it for granted that when the Conference meets there will be agreement on at least one point. That is, that its breakdown would be a catastrophe for everybody. It would mean that the hope of a European understanding was at an end, and that the dogs of war were unleashed. And once unleashed there will be no calling them to heel again. If no Convention is reached and the Conference disbands, the race in armaments will begin and the stampede to the abyss will gather a momentum beyond human control.

And there will be agreement at Geneva, I think, on another point. Whatever the result of war, there will be no victors in it. There will only be vanquished. Europe itself will be vanquished. The issue at Geneva next week is not whether France or Germany is to be top-dog in Europe. It is a much vaster issue than that. It is whether European civilisation is to survive or perish.

I beg Herr Hitler and M. Doumergue and Signor Mussolini and the rest to consider that—while there is time. If the Conference is at its "last gasp," so is the European leadership of the world at its last gasp. One world war has shattered it. Another world war will most assuredly destroy it.

What is this apparition of Japan which transcends all the quarrels of Europe in importance—what is it but the terrific comment on the last war? I am not anti-Japanese and I have no antagonism to the Yellow race. It is entitled to its place in the sun with the rest. But I belong to the White civilisation, and I believe in the White civilisation. And I do not want to see it commit suicide in order to make the Yellow man the dictator of the world's destinies.

That is what is happening. The measure of Japan's rise is the measure of Europe's fall. Yes, and of America's fall too. Let our friends across the Atlantic remember that when they mumble their fatuous talk about "isolation," they are a part of the White civilisation, and if that goes under they will go under with it.

Secret smile

Nothing is farther from my wish than to create feeling against Japan. If Europe insists on committing suicide, Japan is perfectly right in taking possession of the estate and running the business. She was given four years' (1914-18) clear run of our market, and she made the most of it. The war shattered Europe, but it set Japan on her feet, and she has never looked back. Give her another war in Europe, and she will have nothing to do but smile her secret smile and gather the fruits of her victory and our defeat.

I do not blame her. I daresay we should do the same if we were in her case. But I do not wish to see Japanese greatness founded on the ruins of European civilisation, and I appeal to the statesmen who assemble at Geneva next week to let this peril over-ride the miserable quarrel on the Rhine that threatens to ring down the curtain finally on Europe's culture and the White man's place in the world.

The remedy is clear—and easy, if sanity prevails. We need all to go into the Conference as "good Europeans," intent on saving ourselves by saving Europe. Let the one thought be the consolidation of a pacific and united Europe. Let France realise that her only "security" is there. Let Hitler see that the return of Germany to the League is vital to Germany's existence. If she returns, Russia and, I think, the United States will not be far behind.

And with a consolidated world, Japan herself will not find it profitable to plough a lonely furrow. For if there is no corpse, there will be no vulture.

Not from the B.B.C.—Captain David Bone explains that—

Sailors Don't Care

TO funny men we've listened-in
And at their jokes have tried to grin,
Though superannuated!
And lecturers likewise by scores,
Many the most stupendous bores,
For long we've tolerated!
And so we gave three ringing cheers
When to the microphone
There came at last a hearty he-man,
In the person of a seaman—
Capital Captain Bone!

Then through the ether stirred a breeze,
The salt tang of the Seven Seas—
No vamped-up hanky-panky!
But spinsters fainted when they heard
A fateful word, a hateful word
Which we will print as "blanky."
Shocked letters reached the B.B.C.
And calls upon the 'phone
Protesting in a manner haughty
'Gainst that very naughty, naughty,
Nautical Captain Bone!

While I appreciate the rhymster's bouquets, I must make it clear that the wicked word modestly camouflaged as "blanky" was not used by me to express my annoyance with something or someone.

Some people seem to think that I want to give a new meaning to the word "broad"-casting and to transform the B.B.C. into the B——B.C. But the adjective which figured in my talk, "Water Front And Open Sea," did not slip into the microphone by accident, but was placed there by design, after being duly approved by the B.B.Censors.

I am told that, upon hearing it, more than one maiden gentleman swooned in his rocking-chair, and that Mr. Bernard Shaw's literary agent rushed off to consult counsel regarding an action for infringement of copyright.

Yet all that happened was that I described an exciting episode of the sea, in the course of which an officer, fighting desperately to avert a wreck, shouted "Get out of my bloody way!"

Of course, I *might* have represented him as saying, "Oblige me by standing aside one moment," or even, "Get out of my blessed way!" but to have done so would have been to perform dishonestly the job I had undertaken—that of providing a vivid and accurate picture of those who go down to the sea in ships.

I can assure you that my old comrades of the sea did not have copies of "The Polite Conversationalist" in their lockers and they not infrequently used the Shakespearean adjective which some squeamish landlubbers found so very shocking.

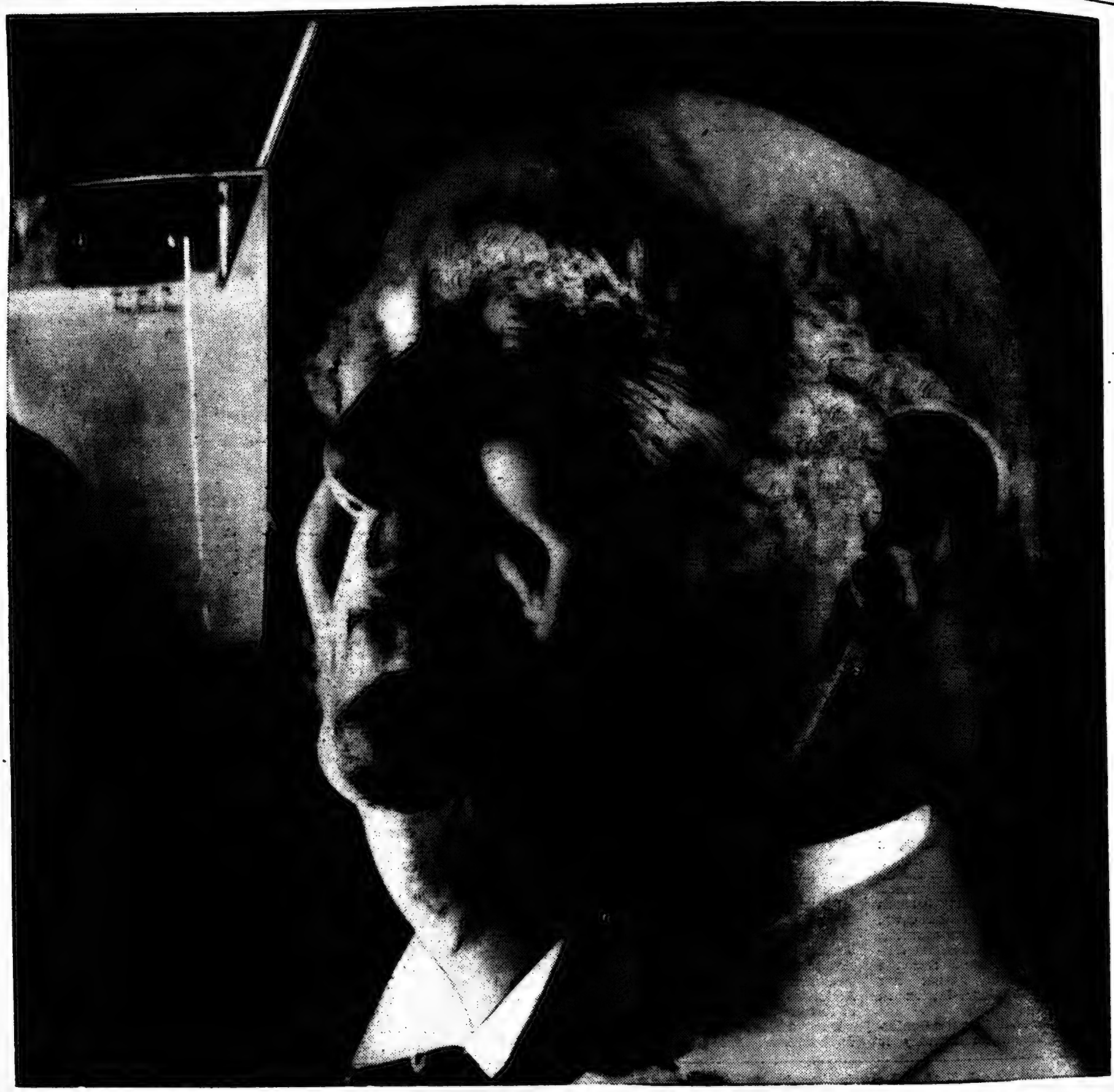
This little matter of slanguage is, I am afraid, one of those things about which "sailors don't care," notwithstanding an assurance to the contrary which I have received from a sea-going lady of Worthing:

Not content with shocking people in a most outrageous way,
The Captain merely makes his blunder worse
When he says that what he said is what an officer *would* say—
Implying that our gallant seamen curse!

Now, I'm just a maiden lady, and I do not wish to swank,
But I, like Captain Bone, have sailed the seas!
And I know that, if one's in the way, the sailors *don't* use a "blank,"
But call out, most politely, "Gangway, please!"

I always have admired the hearts of oak who man our ships,
And very much appreciate the way
They'll talk of their adventures, in return for modest tips,
When they bring round tea or ice-cream on a tray.

In my many conversations with these heroes, I declare,
Not one has caused a blush to mount my brow!
It *simply is not true* that well-conducted sailors swear—
Or my pleasure cruise I'd cancel here and now!



"HERE'S TO ROBINSON'S"

says OLD HETHERS

"I reckon I know a glass of thoroughbred Barley Water as quick as the next man, or quicker. This one's been made from Robinson's, I can tell that in a jiffy. Why, you can see the purity . . ."

BARLEY WATER

made from

ROBINSON'S

"PATENT" BARLEY

Old Hethers' recipe is on every tin

CVS-133

A KNAVE'S Film City

This is how they do things in Hollywood. Seelye made many people believe he could do the same here . . .

WE here unmask an extraordinary mystery man. He is Mr. Clarel Randolph Seelye, a luxury-lover with most exalted ambitions.

Seelye, who hails from the United States, is a much-travelled man, and possesses tastes which are the last word in magnificence. He professes to be an important and wealthy American citizen, and on one occasion or another has posed as a film magnate, broker, producer, scenario-writer, playwright, and politician.

Actually, he is nothing more than a dangerous and dishonest adventurer, as many people have found to their sorrow.

In fact, though many keen business men appear to have taken him at his word, we shall denounce him as a rogue whose presence in this country can only bode ill for the British public.

Pep and bustle

His operations have been both varied and versatile. One of his most dazzling schemes concerned the promotion of a mammoth syndicate with the object of constructing one of the finest film studios this country had ever known.

After years in Hollywood—his experience, according to him, began in the earliest "silent" days—it apparently grieved him tremendously to think that the British film industry was so slow in finding its proper level.

So, in order to help things along with appropriate pep and bustle, he proposed to utilise all the vast knowledge he had gained in America and show England just how it really *should* be done.

The scheme he propounded was certainly one which offered attractive possibilities. He aimed at constructing a kind of miniature "Hollywood," to be run under one control—in other words, under the influential guidance of Mr. Clarel Randolph Seelye himself.

According to the stories he told some people, his little "city" would have its own studios with administrative buildings to cope with every phase of the work; its own projection and cutting rooms, sound and publicity departments, libraries and employment bureaux, and, amongst many other things, clubs, swimming pools and gymnasiums for the use of artists whilst "resting."

Numerous people, including several women, were sufficiently impressed by his charm to hand him various sums of money to assist in effecting the preliminary work.

Some were promised splendid profits in return, but these unfortunately have so far not materialised.

In one case he got in touch with a young business man, whose acquaintance he had previously made at a hotel function.

Secret studio

He mentioned one of the most famous figures in the British film industry as being one of his greatest business friends.

Through this friendship, he confided, he had secretly learned that a large studio, which had not been used for many years, was available for purchase.

The studio stood, according to Seelye's story, in a eminently suitable position and was surrounded by a stretch of open land—a most valuable asset. The price for which Seelye could obtain it was amazingly low, but the difficulty was that he had not sufficient funds available to make the purchase before the news leaked out that it was shortly to be put up for sale.

The young business man put up many hundreds of pounds. So did several other people who were approached with similar stories. The whole thing was a colossal fraud.

For, far from being in a position to extract confidential information from the important film producer whose name he had so impudently misused, Seelye was actually being pursued by him for a debt of more than two hundred pounds!

It is not surprising that, as time passed and nothing more was heard of the great schemes Seelye had sponsored for the purpose of revolutionising the film industry of this country, some of his financial supporters began to press for a little information.

Seelye, who is a man of great calm and of dominating personality, told them there was nothing to worry about.

To one of his victims he actually had the audacity to produce a receipt which purported to show that certain property had actually been acquired by him for cash.

The receipt is a forgery.

Actually, the large studio which he said he knew "secretly" was available for the purpose, has never been offered for sale at all.

He was insulted

In addition to fraudulent transactions of this kind, Seelye has been living in luxury at numerous hotels and departing without settling the accounts; he has borrowed large sums of money through the medium of all kinds of glowing but untrue stories, and has obtained credit by fraud.

And he remains quite indifferent, no matter what circumstances arise, and seems to regard himself as a giant capable of dealing triumphantly with any emergency

On one occasion, for example, two Home Office investigators had cause to interview him. The moment they arrived and revealed their identity he adopted a most bombastic attitude.

When he was informed by his callers that the object of their visit was to interrogate him as to the real reasons for his being here, he retorted angrily that he considered it an insult that a man of his standing and position should be subjected to such an intolerable intrusion!

His visitors gently pointed out to him that he was an alien, and, as such, could only have gained entry to this country through the usual means of a passport which, if in order, would disclose the reasons for which it had been granted.

Seelye still remained adamant. All he would say was that his visit to this country was one which concerned matters of international importance.

When pressed a little further, he volunteered the information that he was here on urgent political work, the nature of which he was in honour bound not to disclose under any circumstances.

The truth is that Clarel Randolph Seelye is an American adventurer who has also been known as "C. R. Levy."

He first came under police notice in England in 1929, when he was convicted at Marylebone for being in this country with false credentials, and later was served with a Home Office order of banishment.

He contrived to return, however, and was again arrested in 1931. On this occasion he was convicted at Bow Street for contravention of the Aliens Act, and again ordered to leave the country forthwith.

Now in hiding

By this time the grounds upon which the Home Office decided to banish him for a second time were not confined to the fact that he was again in the country without permission.

The real facts, which in the meantime had been discovered by Scotland Yard detectives, were much more serious than that

We happen to know that he was officially regarded as a man whose financial and moral tendencies were such that the Home Office now designated him "an undesirable alien."

So once again Levy departed. But, seemingly irrepressible, he again returned—this time to revolutionise the British film industry!

Three weeks ago, when his presence was officially noticed, he was at once arrested. This time the charges against him did not only relate to contravention of the Aliens Act, but definite accusations of fraud were also made against him.

Will it be believed that, despite his record, he was granted bail on his promise to appear to face the charges at a subsequent hearing?

Yet that is what happened. And, as might be expected by any reasonably minded person, knowing the brazen and audacious individual he is, Seelye, alias Levy, just indifferently failed to appear, and is now in hiding!

We hope that prompt and concerted steps will be taken to trace the whereabouts of this polished rogue, and to compel him to face the punishment his impudent operations so richly deserve.

DON'T BE LATE!

Last week JOHN BULL published the final reservation forms for its great camera gift offer.

Have you and your friend applied yet? If not, there is still time, but only if you act promptly.

All reservations must be received by not later than first post, Tuesday, June 5. After that, the list will be closed and on no account can late applications be accepted.

You have not a moment to lose! Make up your mind to send to-day—now, while you think of it. Find your friend immediately, cut out and complete together the final reservation forms which appeared on page 5 of *last* week's issue of JOHN BULL, and send them by the very next post.

Here is a first-class camera—an "Ensign," a make famous the world over, a reliable, scientifically made article.

Don't wait! Find your friend and act at once.

Two-Shilling Jobs

ONE of our Lancashire readers, who answered an advertisement offering home-work, has been "appointed" a clerical worker by the President Publishing Company, described as mail order and advertising specialists, of 37, Upper Kennington Lane, London.

She has been advised that her duties are simple, and that they mainly consist of addressing envelopes and circulars, and copying out lists of addresses.

Apparently the President Publishing concern disdains to require its "employees" to travel or canvass; but it promises remuneration up to 40s. a week.

After undertaking to supply our reader with circulars, envelopes, price lists and catalogues, it intrudes with a clause demanding that enrolment be completed within seven days. The form it encloses with the letter, and which it requires to be returned as quickly as possible, pledges the employee to secrecy in carrying out instructions.

But, according to P. J. Courcouf, the principal, it is absolutely essential that applicants should send for the complete instruction guide, costing precisely two shillings.

* * *

According to the particulars lodged with the Registrar of Business Names, the President Publishing Company commenced its operations early in April last.

And while it boasts a box for letters at 37, Upper Kennington Lane, London, Mr. Courcouf, the principal, resides at Beckenham, in Kent.

It is quite obvious that the 2s. he requires for his precious instructions can in most instances be better spent at home.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line.
A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BIG MONEY FOR YOU.
Cochrane & Sons help you to make money. Ladies' Knickers, 5/6 doz. Sell at 9d. per pair. Overalls, 4/11 doz. Sell at 8½d each. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz. 1/- line for 8½d. pair. Hundreds of other bargains. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse 4, Thomas Street, Manchester.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time, every kind, good profits. 176-page Catalogue free.—May (125), George St., Birmingham.

FREE ILLUS PRICE LIST to Dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A, 39 Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

DRAPERY, Hosiery, Underwear and Boots, Illus. Catlg. for Credit Drapers and Beginners Post Free. Keenest prices (wholesale only).—M. Morris, 110-113, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

84-PAGE 1934 Wholesale Drapery Catalogue, Post Free. Perfect and repeatable goods of Quality and Value. Keenest prices. All Depts. Ladies' Men's, Child's, Household Boots and Shoes. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wholesale only. Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

LADIES' Hosiery, U'wear. Buy for resale. 50% profit. No risk. Illus. Cat. free. Beginners instructed. Rayon Silk Co. (J.), 9, Friday St., E.C.4.

KEEN LINES FOR BEGINNERS AND DEALERS. Hosiery and underwear our speciality. "Conlowe" underwear at lowest prices. Send for our free illustrated Catalogue. THE NEW WAREHOUSE, 146-7, HOUNDSDITCH, E.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

JUST PUBLISHED! John Noble's latest and greatest Book has set everybody talking. JOHN NOBLE'S WANT ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS. The Ideal Club leads! Generous Commission for Organisers. Unbeatable Bargains for members. Established over 60 years. Thousands of enthusiastic organisers. Send p.c. now for 420-page Free Book.—John Noble Ltd. (Dept. A7), Manchester.

EATONIAN XMAS CLUB.—Agents wanted. Free Gift & Art Catlg. to every applicant. Highest genuine comm. in the trade. Special Prizes & Free Gifts. Huge selection Chocs., Toys, Fcy. Goods, Cigs., etc. No outlay. Don't delay, send p.c. to Eaton & Co. (Dept. A.), Lr. Wortley, Leeds, 12.

EARN £3 to £5 a week in your spare time selling exclusive dress fabrics to your friends, or in forming clubs. Wholesale prices direct from producers. Send for patterns.—Primrose Fabrics, 28, Oxford Street, Manchester.

£2 CASH BONUS AND INCOME ALL THE YEAR ROUND selling 1/- lines at half profit. Either sex—anywhere. Samples free. — Write now, Carter, 58, Mildmay Park, London, N.1.

EARN big money as Agents for all-the-year round firm specialising in Clothing, Footwear, Jewellery, Fancy and Household Goods, liberal commission and bonuses paid and cash prizes. Send at once for particulars post free.—Ambler, Price and Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Amprico House, Acton Lane, N.W.10.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING.

Largest National training and employment Organisation for Motor Drivers. Call (9-7) or write for details of training: 5, Coventry St., Piccadilly Circus, LONDON; or 269, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; or Sheepcote St., Broad St., BIRMINGHAM. 84,000 successful pupils.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The 1934 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, Entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—ages 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist.—Write parties, Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

POLICE RECRUITS. Young men desirous of joining Metropolitan, Town or County Police should send for Free Police Handbook, which explains methods of entrance to all Forces. (Ages 19-25).—B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

G.P.O. ENGINEERING DEPT. Commencing pay for Inspectors £4, rising to £5 15s. per week. No experience required. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult. Age limits 17-23.—For full details apply B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE. Attractive careers offered to keen young men, aged 19-21. Commencing pay £3 6s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 891), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban 7/10, Welsh 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free.—Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

GOOD PRINTING (lowest prices). Catalogues, Magazines, Duplicate Books & Stationery every description. Samples 2d.—Meads (60), Sandy.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER Co., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CHINA, 120 articles, Jugs, Plates, Cups, Scrs., Mugs, &c., 10/-. 1,000 dinner sets FREE. 48 cups & scrs., 4/-. Glass & H'ware. Col. Catlg. & Guide, worth £'s, FREE. BridgeSt. Pottery, Dept. 9, Burslem.

WALLPAPERS from Mills from 2½d. roll. New designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

WHY buy razor blades? Sharpen yours like new with patent stropper, post free 7½d.—Crossland, 200, Nottingham Street, Sheffield.

BRITISH non-combine WALLPAPER from 2½d. Latest designs now ready.—Write for free book, Eclipse Wallpaper, Shield Road, Newcastle-Tyne.

GREAT Free Offer of Bowls, 120 pairs given away. Write for details. See page 27.

WALLPAPERS.—The famous Blakey Morris Pattern Book (the largest published) post free.—Blakey Morris (London), Ltd. Dept. J.B., 55-56, London Road, Southwark, S.E.1.

WALLPAPERS from 2½d. roll. You should see the latest designs for 1934. Pattern Book post free.—Bruce & Hall (Dept. J.B.), South Shields.

PORTABLE BUILDINGS (with steel braced corners) of all kinds on easy terms. Garden Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, Bungalows, Poultry Houses. A novice can erect. Instructions supplied. Better and much cheaper than building yourself. Send for Free Illustrated Catalogue of 1,500 sizes and designs at sale prices.—J. Thorn & Sons, Ltd., Box 18, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

TENTS & CAMPING EQUIPMENT.

TENTS 7/3 to 3 gns. Also Bell Tents for Hire. Send for 40-Page Catlg. of Camping & Hiking Equipment.—Nuttall, 30, Goodmayes, ILFORD.

TENTS! BARGAINS! for H'kers and Campers. Also Camp Equipment. 100-p. Cats. free.—Smith, 17, Lansdowne Road, Croydon.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED — Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive Cure by removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details. — Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. Kidney Trouble cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy. 1/3, 3/-. Boots, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Samps. 4d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

Listen to their CRACKLING Goodness

Kellogg's Rice Krispies—kernels of wholesome rice, toasted to an inviting golden-brown. Children are all excited about them because they snap . . . crackle . . . and pop in cold milk or cream.

Listen—and EAT, they say! The FLAVOUR is simply delicious. Easily digested. Always oven-fresh. No cooking needed. All grocers sell Rice Krispies in the red-and-green packet.

7½d per packet
(Not I.F.S.)

Kellogg's
RICE KRISPIES

Made by KELLOGG *in* LONDON, CANADA

578

BABY'S
BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-.
75 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

EVERY man can be well dressed at low cost. Excellent materials and perfect workmanship are provided by the Fifty Shilling Tailors on p. 23. This famous firm will be pleased to send free patterns to any reader who writes to 110-111, Strand, London, W.C.2, or better still, call in any of the 200 depots which the firm have throughout the country in all principal cities and towns.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, BANJOS, GUITARS, Drum Outfits, Wonderful 1934 Catalogue 44 pages free.—Terms, OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B., 5, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, SAXOPHONES, GUITARS. Send for Free Catalogues. Easy Terms. Hessy's, 18/20, Manchester St., Liverpool. "J.B."

PIANO-ACCORDIONS from 2/- weekly. Guitars, Banjos, Drums, etc. Play as you pay.—VICKERS, Dept. B., ROYAL HILL, S.E.10.

AGED PEOPLE find Allenburys Diet grateful and comforting. Send 3d. stamps for ½-lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.4), 37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

VARICOSE VEINS, ULCERS, BAD LEGS and all Skin Complaints permanently cured as if by magic by "Varenecose" Ointment in record time WITHOUT LEAVING A SCAR. Stops that awful pain and itching for good at first application. Sent under No Cure-No Pay Guarantee. Send for 3/- trial size or call or write TO-DAY for generous FREE SAMPLE, Booklet and Medical Press Opinions. — LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL CO., LTD. (Dept. N.P.), 12, Mortimer Street, London, W.1.

ARE you suffering from Headache or Neuralgia? Cephos, the Harley Street Physician's remedy, will give you instant and permanent relief. Contains no injurious drugs. Cannot affect the heart. In powders and tablets. Send p.c. for Free Generous Sample to Cephos, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Blackburn.

SAMSOL YOUR SCALP.
Don't get Bald or be Bald. Safe, simple and sure. No more hair troubles. Apply SAMSOL, 5/- (post free).—From Tonair Health Products, Ltd., 10, Elmbank Street, Glasgow, or 1½d. stamped envelope for full particulars.

NERVOUSNESS. — If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Worry, Morbid Fears, Shyness, etc., send 3d. for my book on "Nerves."—Mr. Rivers (J.B.8), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

RHEUMATIC sufferers should turn to the Alfred Bishop offer on p. 30 and write for a free booklet containing dietary chart and an offer of 30 days' trial treatment.

DO you suffer from eye strain, weak and watery eyes, etc.? If so, fill in the coupon in the Singleton advt. on p. 25 for free booklet.

FREE.—All Mothers of growing girls should read "Nature's Warnings," a booklet offered by the Proprietors of Dr. Williams Brand Pink Pills. The address appears in advt. on p. 29.

SUFFERERS FROM ASTHMA should not overlook the ZONOL PRODUCTS ad. on p. 31.

FREE.—Send a p.c. for liberal trial bottle of D.D.D. brand Prescription for Skin Troubles. This soothing liquid quickly clears the skin of blemishes and eruptions. The address appears in the advt. on p. 28.

A FREE SUPPLY of "Magic" Brand 3-fold Treatment for Piles is offered in advt. on p. 35.

Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16, and you will receive free of charge a valuable little book, "Dr. Cassell's Little Book of Health." Every reader ought to write for a copy. Simply send a p.c.

IF you are a victim to Hay Fever turn to the Nostroline advt. on page 33. A free sample is offered.

DON'T overlook Mr. Houben's special offer to Catarrh sufferers on p. 38. Readers filling in the coupon and enclosing 3d. in stamps for postage, etc., will receive a free sample of a new preparation and particulars how to banish this troublesome complaint.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

CASH Waiting for any kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Diamonds, Dental Plates, etc. Highest cash per return. Est. 25 yrs. Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE. — A profusely illustrated brochure explaining the beauties and attractions of BLACKPOOL will be sent to every reader who writes, mentioning *John Bull*, to A. K. Foster, Town Hall, Blackpool. See p. 29.

FREE.—By arrangement with the manufacturers, any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 422Y), Chase Rd., London, N.W.10. Turn to page 27, on which this offer appears.

PURE Beer easily made at home! Turn to the "Viggormalt" advt. on p. 33. A trial size is offered. Free yeast is supplied with each tin.

SAMPLES of "Zee-Kol" Ointment, Pills and Medicated Soap will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) on the Back Cover.

FREE!—THE COUPON on p. 32 will bring you a GENEROUS SAMPLE of "Bisurated Magnesia," the well-known Indigestion remedy, together with a free treatise on Digestive Troubles. Fill in and post the coupon now, while you think of it!

SEND for free sample tube of "Shavex," the modern method of shaving. Attach coupon in the advt. on the Back Cover to your name and address, with 2d. stamp for postage.

FOR a Complete Trial Beauty Outfit (containing two boxes of Icilma Face Powder (Naturelle and Rachel), tubes of Icilma Vanishing, Flesh-Tinted and Cold Creams, a full-size 3d. Icilma Shampoo, and a full-size 3d. Icilma Hair Powder for dry shampoo, send 6d. in stamps to Icilma (Dept. 23F), 39, King's Road, London, N.W.1. Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1½d. stamp. This offer, which does not apply to the Irish Free State, appears on p. 24. Turn to it now!

A SAMPLE of "Doge" Face Cream will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) appearing on the Back Cover.

MESSRS. CHIVERS, the makers of the famous Jellies with the real fruit flavours, offer free to any *John Bull* reader who writes to them a copy of their Jelly Recipe Folder. Every housewife ought to have a copy of this. It tells also how to turn out a perfect jelly. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. P.3, Chivers and Sons, Ltd., Histon, Cambridge, and get your free copy of this interesting folder now.

FOR a free Recipe Book, write to Keen, Robinson & Co., Dept. HR104, Carrow Works, Norwich.

FOLLOW Old Hethers' advice on p. 14 and make your Barley Water from Robinson's "Patent" Barley. It's as pure as it's refreshing. The famous Old Hethers' recipe is on every tin.

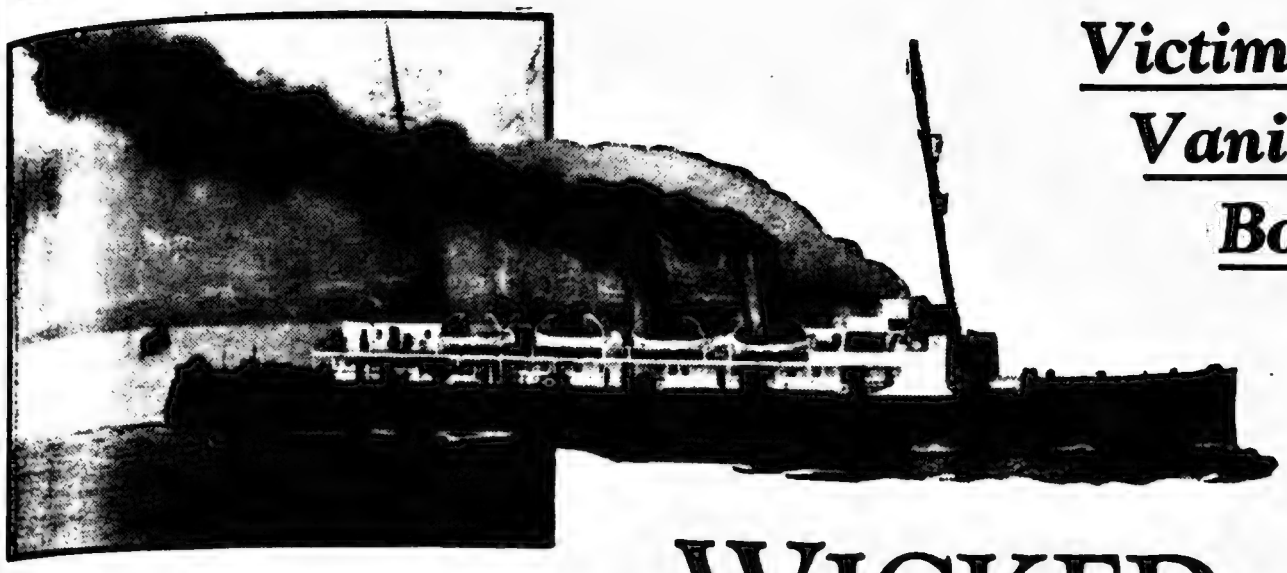
50 SOLID Silver Tankards free. Simply write on a postcard the circumstances under which you first tried Bulmer's Woodpecker Cider. For the best replies 50 solid silver Tankards will be distributed free. When sending in your entry, be sure to mention *John Bull*. Address: H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., Dept. C. I., Cider Makers, Hereford. See that your entry reaches them not later than May 29, 1934.

POLISH FOR HEALTH! Housewives now engaged in Spring Cleaning should note that in the matter of hygiene floors need special attention; germs are always liable to be trodden in from the street and are a real source of danger to health unless effective measures are taken. One of the best methods of combating this risk is to use a reliable antiseptic polish such as Mansion. Its antiseptic properties can always be relied upon to effectively deal with any unwelcome dust and dirt germs that inadvertently enter the home.

CHILDREN—grown-ups, too—will like Kellogg's Rice Krispies. The flavour is simply delicious, easily digested and always oven-fresh, no cooking is needed. Try them with cold milk or cream. Your grocer sells Rice Krispies in a red and green packet.

THERE are many appetising and economical dishes suitable for any meal which can be made with Quaker Oats. An example of one simple recipe is given by Mrs. D. D. Cottington Taylor, the renowned Cookery Expert, on p. 22.

FREE samples of Gibbs Dentifrice, both solid and in paste form, will be gladly sent to readers who write to D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd., Dept. 86V, London, E.1. Enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.



When the channel boat carried Posner from England's shores, the worker-investor's ship went down . . .

Victims of a Vanishing Boss

WICKED CHAIN-SHOP Swindle

TWENTY-SIX young men have been ruined or reduced to despair as the result of their investments in a company whose owner has "gone abroad."

Each of these young men, anxious and eager for work, invested £150 as a means of getting a job at £3 a week salary, plus commission.

All have been deluded by specious promises; have lost their jobs, which promised so well, and, what is worse, have lost every halfpenny of the money which they invested.

The beginning of this dismal story of high hopes that crumbled into dust may be traced to June 7, 1933, when Harold Posner walked into the office of the Registrar of Business Names, to register a concern called C. Redding and Company, of High Street, Camden Town, London. He formed this company to carry on the business of tobacconists, confectioners, and automatic machine operators.

The lure

Within a few days of registration Harold Posner began his sinister scheme for attracting investors, whom he intended to pluck in his own interest.

Advertisements, couched in the following terms, soon began to appear in various newspapers:

"Collector required for automatic cigarette machines. Cash security required £150, returnable when leaving. Wages, £3 a week, plus expenses and commission."

These advertisements attracted the attention, and were eagerly read by many young men who were anxious for work and an opportunity to make good.

At the interviews which were subsequently arranged they were impressed by the easy optimism and the plausible promises of Harold Posner, who painted in glowing colours the prospects of those who "came in on the ground floor" of his newly established business.

The story of one young man, whose home is in the Paddington district of London, may be cited in detail as being typical of the rest.

As the result of his first interview with Posner, he was persuaded to withdraw the whole of his savings from the bank. To bring this amount up to the requisite £150, he borrowed from a friend, and then handed over the whole sum as a means of securing a job as collector.

In return, he was given an agreement which was an elaborate-looking document, intended, no doubt, to give him an impression of security. It had been explained to this young man that he would have control of at least two hundred automatic cigarette machines, which were installed in various premises.

His duties would be to pay periodical calls to the lessees, collect the cash from the machines, and put in fresh supplies of cigarettes.

Within a few weeks of his starting work he began to notice things in connection with the conduct of the business which caused him to feel uneasy.

Harold Posner, the creator of the scheme, was seldom available, and his movements were shrouded in mystery.

The promised circuit of two hundred automatic machines did not materialise, and the whole business methods of C. Redding and Co. seemed rather unsatisfactory.

Two months had gone by when this young man became definitely alarmed about his investment, and decided to ask for the return of his £150.

Whatever hopes he may have had of getting his money back were soon dispelled. Posner, he found, gave back promises, but not hard cash.

It was at about this time that twenty-five other members of the firm's collecting staff began to grow restive and demand the return of their investments of £150 from Posner.

They were all put off with excuses.

Only a few weeks previously branch premises of the firm had been opened at Mitcham Lane, Streatham, and at High Road, Balham.

This was Posner's idea of creating an impression of prosperity. He talked airily to the effect that no corner of London was to be neglected by his go-ahead concern.

They hunted . .

His great automatic cigarette-machine campaign would eventually be extended to the provinces. In fact, there was no limit to the ambitious schemes of this man of straw.

But in September disaster swept down on the firm of C. Redding and Co. chiefly engulfing those who had invested money in the concern.

Salaries had not been paid for several weeks, and the irate collectors of the company realised now that the business in which they had put their savings had crashed into ruins.

They hunted for Harold Posner like a pack of hounds in full cry, but he had gone to earth. There was no trace of him at his home in Elmbourne Road, Balham, London, or at any other address.

His wife could give them no information concerning the whereabouts of her husband. He had disappeared as completely as last year's snow.

A cheque which he had given to the landlord of the premises in Mitcham Lane, Streatham, was returned dishonoured. Shortly afterwards the bailiffs appeared on the scene.

Meanwhile the numerous disillusioned investors who had been acting as collectors of the firm, held a meeting to discuss their common plight, but it was soon discovered that nothing could be saved from the wreckage of the company, which had set sail with such high hopes.

The assets amounted to little or nothing, and the investors' money had disappeared as completely as Harold Posner himself.

Investigations show that exactly three days before Posner had obtained the last investment of £150 from a young man whom he appointed as collector of the firm, he had called at the Passport Office in London and had renewed his passport!

There is little doubt that while his dupes were calling at address after address in London in the hope of tracking him down, Harold Posner had booked his passage and was on his way to the Continent.

Comfort for him . .

Behind him he left a tragic trail of heart-ache and misery in the homes of the various men who had invested £150 each with him in order to get employment.

With the larger part of this money in his possession, this cunning business pirate will be able to live in comfort on the Continent for some considerable time to come.

Although it is hoped that Posner will eventually be traced and brought back to England, such a development will bring little satisfaction to those who put their savings in his hands.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

The Vital Law

WE are all apt to look at the man who has forged ahead of his fellows and say: "Ah! He's had exceptional opportunities. He's been lucky. He's never had to do the things I've had to do. If he'd been in my place. . . !"

And how wrong, how fatally wrong we are when we talk like that! There's nothing more certain than that so-called "supermen" have not been singled out by Fortune for special favour. The fundamental difference between them and their fellows is thoroughness. *That is their most treasured secret.*

The average man is terribly superficial. The successful man is terribly thorough. That is his distinguishing trait. That is why he is successful. He has achieved his successes by doing everything he undertook just a little better than the next man. He has got on by taking just a little more pains than the other fellow.

Lincoln, the great American President, had a firm grasp of the Law of success when he said: "I will study and prepare myself, and then some day my chance will come."

And preparing yourself means, in essence, learning to concentrate all your thoughts and all your energies upon the goal you mean to win. It means being a man of purpose, with boundless faith in your ability to attain that purpose.

It means learning to despise and ignore such energy-consuming and time-wasting childish hindrances as moods, discontent and restlessness.

In other words, it means devoting all *your energies and* all *your powers—and not only some of them—to the achievement of whatever end you have set yourself to attain.*

That is the real meaning of the golden quality of "thoroughness"—the smooth functioning of a mental machine that is so well-oiled, so effortless, so frictionless, that it works almost without thought.

In the DARK

A CONCERN calling itself Dramatic and Historic Films, Ltd., of 95-99, High Holborn, London, seeks to secure a fee of ten shillings from persons likely to be interested in making local and national films.

Advertising the other day in a journal catering chiefly for theatrical people, it invited a Winchester reader who responded to send a photograph with particulars of his accomplishments.

It boasts that opportunities are open for both amateur and semi-professional artists, and that "Dramatic Films" give every applicant an equal chance of embarking on an active career.

Insisting that the idea of film producing being reserved for professional artists is wrong, the Dramatic and Historic Film Co., Ltd., claims that what every aspirant requires is the technical advice of directors.

The civil director of this ambitious undertaking is apparently to be found at the "national administrative office" in London, but the letter received by our Winchester reader was posted in Plymouth.

The company, which uses a monomark, requests that only Treasury notes shall be sent to it; but it leaves clients in the dark as to its real address.

NOT THERE

With reference to our article "We Clip a Tiger's Claws" in the issue of May 12, Messrs. T. H. O'Connor and Co., solicitors, inform us that since April 17 last the London office of the Tiger Trust, Ltd., has not been situated at Premier House, Dover Street, London, W.

ORIEL ROSS
—lovely English film actress—says "Lux Toilet Soap has such a wonderfully quick lather."

ENID STAMP TAYLOR
—seen in British film successes—uses Lux Toilet Soap regularly "for smooth, clear skin."

MARGOT GRAHAME
—the English film actress—says "Lux Toilet Soap is *my* soap. It keeps my skin so fresh."

MARJORIE CORBETT
—another charming actress in English films—is also enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap.

846 BRITISH AND HOLLYWOOD STARS

share this beauty secret!

Why do film stars *always* have such marvellously smooth, clear skin? Close-ups are merciless in revealing the slightest blemish or roughness, yet you never see a flaw in the perfection of the film stars' skin! Always it looks smooth, clear, lovely. It is amazing therefore that their beauty care is so simple.

Claudette Colbert (Paramount) speaks for 846 of the leading 857 stars of England and Hollywood when she says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap. I find its regular use keeps my skin smooth, soft—youthfully fresh and clear."

Isn't it just as important to *you* to have lovely skin as it is to the film stars? Keep your skin as they do . . . *smooth—youthful—clear*. Film stars find Lux Toilet Soap *holds* beauty in their skin. That is why they have made it the *official* beauty soap in all the studios.

Use Lux Toilet Soap *regularly* . . . let it hold beauty in *your* skin. Its quick rich lather thoroughly cleanses every pore. A pure white tablet delicately perfumed, in a dainty wrapper, it costs no more than ordinary soaps. Buy it from your local grocer or dealer. It is excellent for the bath and shampoo as well.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT *says:*

"This soap keeps my skin beautifully smooth and clear"

TL 569-93 **LUX TOILET SOAP 3P** *a tablet*

This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

QUACK with a Box of Mischief

RECORDS in the filing-room of my Investigation Department concerning the whole objectionable fraternity of medical "quacks" are exceptionally complete.

Turning through the dossiers, I can see at a glance where this or that practitioner last operated to the detriment of the public, and the advantage of himself.

It is largely thanks to the assistance of my readers that these records are so up to date, for I am constantly receiving letters telling me of a new "cure" being advertised in the provincial Press by some new "famous consultant"—usually an old rogue masquerading under a fresh name.

Before me I have the documents of a man who calls himself Elmer Esdaile, one of the most persistent of the deaf treatment "specialists."

Trail behind him

The reason why I called for the Elmer Esdaile papers from our library was because a truly pathetic letter came to my desk from an elderly woman, daughter of a distinguished military officer, who has been victimised by this plausible fellow.

My correspondent was unlucky enough to let her furnished flat in Brunswick Square, Hove, to Elmer Esdaile, and there for a period of several months he carried on his fee-collecting business.

One day, however, Elmer Esdaile suddenly decamped, leaving a variety of debts behind him, including a considerable sum for unpaid rent.

All efforts to trace him have so far failed. He has made good his disappearance.

Of those who trusted him, few have suffered more than his poor landlady. As a result of the loss of money due to her for rent, she has been compelled to give up her home. Her furniture was seized and she is forced to live in a small bed-sitting room.

I find, from the information in my possession, that this kind of quick departure from a town in which he has been "practising" has been accomplished before by Elmer Esdaile.

He chooses a centre for exploitation; drains it dry of possible patients; extracts all the funds he possibly can from them, and then moves quietly away.

Diverse jobs

Often he lies dormant for a while before opening in another place, or takes some other occupation.

For example, I learn that on one occasion, between two spells of deaf 'cure' quackery, Esdaile was in charge of a miniature golf course attached to a Bucks hotel!

Really a remarkable contrast that for the man who claims in his advertisements to be a "famous specialist."

But at least *that* work was harmless.

In view of Elmer Esdaile's sporadic offers of electrical treatment, and as a safeguard to the people in the area which he may next choose, I want to reveal the man in his true colours.

Elmer Esdaile is one of the worst types of "quacks." He has no qualifications at all to deal with sufferers from deafness or any other human ailment.

Yet he advertises in this blatant and fantastic fashion:

"*Deafness — More Amazing Cures.*

"*Severest cases still yielding to remarkable new treatment.*

"*No instruments—no operations.*

"*Famous Specialist resumes Free Consultations.*

"Since the establishment of the Esdaile Treatment Rooms, unparalleled success has attended the efforts of the Specialist in fighting the scourge of deafness.

"The majority of patients accepted for treatment have been rightly pronounced 'hopelessly incurable' under past methods, yet with certain types of deafness—however severe—the Esdaile Treatment never fails where the patient perseveres."

This, of course, is just window-dressing nonsense. There is no peculiar or particular efficacy in Esdaile's methods, which consist of electrical applications. Any qualified medical man will declare that the whole thing is ridiculous.

Gets what he can

In the matter of fees, Esdaile judges the appearance of a patient and gets just as much as he considers that person will pay. Ten guineas; fifteen guineas as the case may be, and even up to as much as fifty guineas.

He works with accomplished showmanship. He has a woman assistant dressed in nurse's uniform, who administers the treatment, and he talks plausibly with a great deal of scientific-medical jargon.

One of his own devices is a little "buzz" box with which he can pretend to test the patient's hearing.

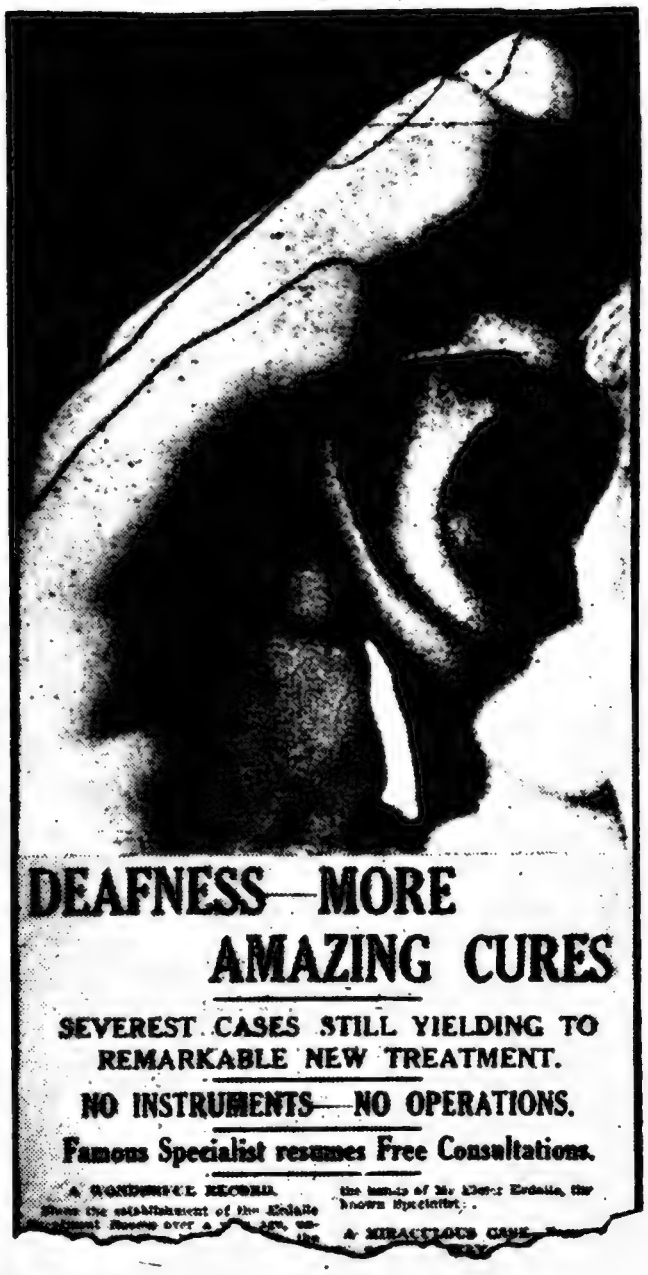
Many towns in England during recent years have suffered the visits of this man Esdaile.

Formerly he used other names. He was at one period "Hamilton Wells." He descended on Liverpool; captured a number of patients and lived in luxury at the Lime Street Station Hotel.

He borrowed money from the manager of the hotel, which he has never repaid, and the widow of the manager holds the worthless I.O.U.s.

After Liverpool, he had his most successful season, with consulting rooms in King Street, Portman Square, London, and in Birmingham, Wolverhampton and Leicester.

Other towns where he has operated under some fictitious name or other are Plymouth, Exeter and Southsea.


DEAFNESS—MORE AMAZING CURES
SEVEREST CASES STILL YIELDING TO REMARKABLE NEW TREATMENT.
NO INSTRUMENTS—NO OPERATIONS.
Famous Specialist resumes Free Consultations.

This is Elmer Esdaile's appeal—turn a deaf ear to it!

His real name is Beverley Peverill, and during his early business life he was a traveller for a patent tonic food.

At one stage in his career he was employed as an assistant to another deaf treatment practitioner, and then it was that Peverill learned sufficient of the technique of "quackery" to start as a "specialist" on his own.

With each new venture, he endeavours to secure a partner who will finance him at the outset.

The man is a ready spender on himself and his indulgences, but is always most tardy in the settlement of his trading debts. In addition, he frequently does not complete the "treatment" for which he has received money from his deluded patients.

Quite obviously, Elmer Esdaile—in whatever professional alias he may assume—is a person of no credit or reliability. If the law of this country was as it should be such men would be prevented from gaining a livelihood by battening on the sufferings of humanity.

Weekly Informations from Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs

My attention has lately been called to another quack concern which has blossomed out into general practice.

It is the Natural Remedies, Ltd., and has an address in Golders Green Road, London, N.W.

According to the letter heading of this company, the directors are M. Luxford and A. Trewavas, who have on their staff, described as "general health adviser," a man calling himself Hugh Wyndham.

People who have had dealings with another mail order deaf treatment institute are receiving circulars pestering them to accept the services of this postal specialist.

"I am taking it upon myself," writes this "general health adviser," "to make the restoration of Health my purpose in Life, and, if I can make you enjoy good Health, you can face your little daily worries with a Spirit of cheerful determination to conquer all.

Bunkum!

"I am not asking a fee from you because I believe that if I cannot help you in a Spirit of Good Fellowship, I cannot be your Personal Adviser. My offer, therefore, is to treat you for the small sum of half-a-crown a week.

"My motto is 'Spread Sunshine by giving Happiness, and I can help you to Happiness by giving you back your HEALTH.'"

There is only one word which fits this kind of letter—Bunkum!

Enquiry at Somerset House shows that Natural Remedies, Ltd., was registered as a private company earlier in the year, with a capital of £100.

The directors who are supposed to control this business are two young unmarried women, Mary Luxford, living at Surbiton, and Marie Aileen Trewavas, of Baring Road, Lee, London, S.E. They receive £5 a year in directors' fees.

Among the declared objects of the company are the following:—

To carry on an institute for the provision of natural remedies and to provide treatment by methods other than those of the medical profession, so as not to offer medical advice; only natural remedies for human ailments.

To provide homes for health, convalescent homes, rest camps for the furtherance of the health measures.

I shall watch the future activities of this strange company with a great deal of interest, and particularly the work of "Hugh Wyndham."

Meanwhile, any individuals who send fees to Natural Remedies, Ltd., have only themselves to blame for their foolishness.

The Man Who Forgot

IT is a curious fact that a workman will carry out a particular process a million times and then do it wrong, a housewife repeat a household task for twenty years and then fail more utterly than when she first did it.

Mental aberrations, freaks of the brain, are usually the result of some special stress or worry.

It was so in the case of a Liverpool man who very nearly burnt down his house recently. He flung his clothes on the floor before going to bed and then placed a cigarette in such a position that if he forgot it—as indeed he did—it was bound to fall on them and start a fire.

The act of a very careless man you might think. No, you'd be wrong. This man was not careless. He had never done anything so slipshod before.

He had wife and child ill in hospital. The clothes were flung down overnight, on his return from the sickbeds to get his first sleep for two nights. The cigarette was placed in that dangerous position the next morning, just before he went out to visit them again.

Worry had placed a paralysing hand on his brain, and so he had to beat out a bedroom fire with a mat.

Tragic that he should be faced with a bill for heavy damage at a time when he wanted money to help *them* and had so many other things to torture him.

But JOHN BULL was able to help him out of that problem with a cheque to redeem the loss he had suffered from the fire, merely because he had signed a form such as awaits your signature on page 2.

That cheque marked the turn in the tide of fortune for him.

Ask yourself whether you might not want that help one day, and take the necessary step now.

Men *have* Died *for it*, Nations ha

RUBBER is in the news again—and when rubber gets into the news drama, and sometimes melodrama, has a habit of following.

It is an innocent and useful commodity—yet the children's ball, bouncing in the playground, the motor tyres swishing over the roads that carry the tired dwellers in the cities to open fields and the sea, sing a song comprised often of passions and greed, of comedy and tragedy, of huge fortunes made and lost.

Friendship between the two greatest Powers in the world, Britain and the United States, has been strained because of rubber; it has inspired imperialistic rivalries and been the motive power behind a modern system of slavery; shots have rung out over dark equatorial rivers because of it, and in London men have made fantastic fortunes out of it.

It has fluctuated more wildly in price than any other commodity in the world. It has been up to 12s. 10d. a lb., and down to under 1¾d., and its fluctuations have shaped the history of many thousands of people.

At its heights it brought wealth to innumerable people in all sorts of corners of the world; because it fell men in bungalows in the East have drunk themselves slowly to death to drown their despair at the waste of years of labour.

Jungle has been turned into cultivated land for its sake, and after a time the jungle has won back again what it lost—and because of it our civilisation knows comforts undreamed of by our ancestors.

"Strange animal"

Rubber! It has a magical and entrancing sound to those who watch the play of economic forces and human motives. Now it is in the news again.

Once again the shares of rubber companies are bounding on the Stock Exchanges of the world; once again in the London Rubber Market dealers stand perspiring and shouting hoarsely amidst a mob of would-be purchasers; once again the cables under the Atlantic Ocean are humming with messages of protest from Washington to Downing Street.

The Governments of Great Britain, France, India, Holland and Siam have signed an agreement to regulate the production of rubber in nine countries, Malaya, Ceylon, the Dutch East Indies, India, Burma, Indo-China, North Borneo, Sarawak and Siam.

And because of it shareholders and rubber producers are jubilant, but the great rubber manufacturers of America are crying out against "discrimination."

Let us now, therefore, when the newspapers tell daily of new developments in the share markets, look back upon the strange, fantastic, romantic story of Rubber since the day 440 years ago when it was first brought to the notice of the great world by a note in the diary of Christopher Columbus, recording how he had observed the natives of Haiti playing with a great ball of tree gum that bounded so far and so high that at first he took it for some new and strange animal.

Many years passed, however, before rubber became much more than a curiosity. Its use as an eraser was, it is true, discovered in the eighteenth century, when a piece of indiarubber that you would buy to-day for ¼d. was sold for something like the equivalent in modern currency of £1. And a Scotsman, Charles MacIntosh, discovered in 1823 that material treated with it was excellent for keeping out the rain and secured fortune and immortality as a result of his discovery.

Then, some years later, there came a big industrial demand for rubber to be used for tyres.

With that demand, and the possibility of commercial production, Rubber really came into the limelight. Previously it had been grown only by a few natives in South America, but now it entered the stage as a commodity of world-wide importance, and, fitly enough, made its début in an atmosphere of romance and drama.

Rubber bounced him to fame and fortune—Charles MacIntosh

A young explorer and naturalist, Henry Wickham, wrote a book called "A Journey Through the Wilderness," in which he referred to the rubber trees in Brazil. That book was read in an idle moment by the late Marquess of Salisbury, then Secretary of State for India, who was inspired with the idea of growing rubber in the Colonies.

He talked the matter over at dinner one night with his friend, Sir Joseph Hooker, then a director of Kew Gardens, and as a result young Henry Wickham was commissioned to go secretly to Brazil and try to bring out of the country some rubber seeds which could be planted at Kew Gardens for experimental work.

Wickham succeeded in smuggling out of Brazil 70,000 rubber seeds, which were rushed on board a ship specially chartered for the occasion, and brought to London, amid a chorus of accusations of theft by the Brazilians.

The rubber seeds were planted in specially built glasshouses at Kew, and, eventually, out of the 70,000 seeds, 3,000 plants were produced. These were later transported to Ceylon and Malaya, and the great rubber estate industry was founded.

And almost at the same moment, by one of those lucky turns of fortune which have occurred several times in the history of rubber, the demand for the commodity was enormously increased by the discovery of the pneumatic tyre by John Boyd Dunlop, of Belfast, founder of the great Dunlop Rubber Co.

Truly fortune favoured the rubber growers, for in a few years the importance of that discovery of the pneumatic tyre was enormously increased by the development of the motor industry, when every new motor car on the road meant an increased demand for rubber.

The seeds Kew Gardens nursed are seen here as flourishing trees in this Ceylon rubber estate

Right: A native worker tapping a tree

Sudden fortunes

So the great pre-war boom in rubber shares began—one of the historic booms of all times, a boom still discussed with relish by old members of the London Stock Exchange, who tell to their juniors, when times are quiet, fantastic stories of the huge fortunes made almost overnight in those days—stories all the more fantastic because they are true.

In 1910 rubber rose to its peak level for all time—12s. 10d. a lb.—and scores of younger sons and ne'er-do-wells of rich families who had been shipped out to Malaya and Ceylon to keep them out of mischief—not a few of them remittance men paid small sums by their families to keep out of England—found themselves, along with others who had worked on the rubber plantations for years without making anything very substantial out of it, suddenly enriched beyond their wildest dreams.

Syndicates formed in London clamoured for the chance to buy up their estates at inflated values in order to float public companies. In the first two months of the year alone fifty-two new rubber companies were registered and their shares floated off on the public, who scrambled madly to obtain them.

For the sponsors of the rubber boom were clever.

They saw a chance of attracting the small man, and particularly the small gambler.

They made the shares in the rubber market of a nominal value of 2s., instead of having them £1 or more, which was normal in most concerns.

The public obtained only a few of the shares at that price; most of the new issues were fully subscribed by the insiders before they were brought to the public, and the insiders sold out at hugely inflated values as soon as dealings began on the Stock Exchange.

In a few months over £16,500,000 of rubber shares, most of them 2s. each, were floated, and many of those 2s. shares shot up almost as soon as dealings began to £3 or £4, while rubber shares of a higher denomination went up to £19 or £20 or more.

And then came the turn of the tide.

The enormous number of new estates which had sprung up during the boom increased the output of rubber so rapidly that production outpaced consumption, and in a few months the price slumped from 12s. 10d. a lb. to only 4s.

As the commodity fell, so fell the shares. They hurtled downwards even more rapidly than they had risen, and left behind them in their fall financial ruin for many who had been almost millionaires on paper but a few weeks earlier.

So ended the great rubber boom of 1910.

But rubber had not finished its part in the centre of the stage in the money markets of the world. It was to be the centre of yet another wild burst of speculation, to create fortunes and destroy them yet again, and to make a stir, this time not only on the Stock Exchanges of the world, but in the parliaments of several nations and to become a matter of urgency, not merely to eager-eyed gamblers and sun-tanned planters, but also to dignified Foreign Office officials and anxious Cabinet Ministers.

Britain's move

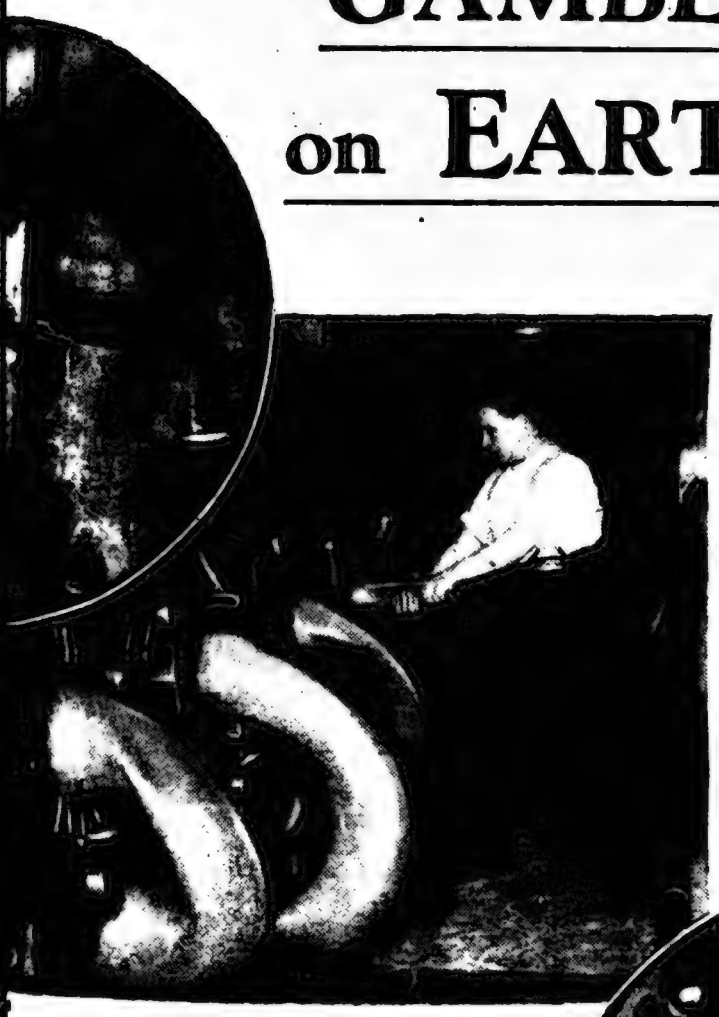
The Great War brought another huge increase in the consumption of rubber, and in 1922 the British Government wakened to the fact that British interests held in their hands control of the major proportion of a commodity which all the world needed and which the United States, enriched by the war years, was clamouring for especially.

But, despite the increase in demand, prices were low, because there was complete chaos in the rubber-producing industry. A committee named, after its chairman, the Stevenson Committee,

have Quarrelled *over it . .*

RUBBER!

The MADDEST GAMBLE on EARTH



Just one of its uses—motor tyres in the making

was appointed by the Colonial Office to investigate the situation. It reported that Britain controlled nearly 77 per cent. of the total world production of rubber, but that owing to lack of any regulation or co-ordination rubber was being sold in New York at under production costs, on one or two occasions, in fact, at only about half of production costs.

A scheme for regulating the rubber industry was drawn up under which exports from British possessions in the East were restricted, each estate being given a standard production, and a sliding scale of exports being drawn up based on the market price of the commodity from time to time.

As a result of that Stevenson Restriction Scheme, rubber, which prior to it had fallen to 7½d. a lb., rose to 4s. 8d.

That rise enriched once again the rubber planters in Malaya and Ceylon and brought fortunes to thousands of holders of rubber shares which had been in the doldrums for years.

It started a fresh boom in the shares on the London Stock Exchange—and it started a wave of wild indignation in the United States that at one time threatened to lead to a breach of diplomatic relations between the two countries.

It coloured American imperialism and determined U.S. policy in relation to the Philippine Islands and the Negro republic of Liberia.

Rubber, it was suggested, might be grown in both these countries by American interests who would thus free themselves from dependence upon Britain, and because of that desire the complete independence of the Philippine Islands from American rule, which had been on the eve of being granted, was postponed. They were too important as a potential rubber colony to be allowed freedom.

. . . And these stockbrokers are brought out to the kerbstone market again by news of the new boom

And in Liberia plans were drawn up for developing 1,000,000 acres of rubber land with the labour of 300,000 men—and the seeds were sown for one of the greatest slavery scandals of recent years.

For it was afterwards declared that in the attempt to build up a vast new source of rubber supply a big loan had been given to the Government of Liberia, which in return agreed to become, in effect, an American colony so far as questions of policy were concerned.

And it was alleged, moreover, that in return for finance the Liberian Government undertook to furnish labour for the new plantations on a system of purchase from the Chiefs, which was later denounced as a system of virtual slave labour and which led eventually to an inquiry by the League of Nations and to a revision of Liberia's status.

All because of that innocent commodity—Rubber, which serves us so usefully in so many ways!

Meanwhile another nation was taking a hand in the great rubber game—Holland. The Dutch had plantations in the Dutch East Indies, and there was no restriction scheme to control their output. As, under the influence of the British Stevenson scheme, the price of the commodity soared, they saw an opportunity of making large profits for themselves by increasing their own production, and they took it without hesitation.

Chinese smugglers

As a consequence, the British share of world production fell from 77 per cent. to only about 50 per cent., and rubber planters began to complain that while they were forced to leave their trees untapped the Dutch were developing furiously and taking all the profits.

In Malaya and Ceylon a number of secret syndicates were formed, headed usually by Chinese, to create a big organisation for smuggling rubber out of the country in order to escape the restriction regulations.

It became increasingly common for Chinese-manned boats to slip silently down the rivers at night carrying cargoes of the precious commodity. A service of coastguards to watch for smugglers had to be set up, and on several occasions there were free fights between the smugglers and the guards; shot answered shot across the dark rivers.

Then suddenly, perturbed by the rising crescendo of American criticism, by the rapid encroachment of the Dutch, and by the increasing difficulty of checking large - scale smuggling, the British Government acted again.

And this time it acted in a way which, because of an official's blunder, brought the loss of many millions of pounds to British investors and enormous profits to American speculators.

Suddenly, to the surprise of everybody concerned in the industry, an announcement was issued from Downing Street to the effect that a Cabinet Committee was to make a new inquiry into the restriction scheme. To those in the know that spelt the end of restriction.

The announcement sent out from Downing Street carried a notification that it was not to be published in British newspapers until the following day. But the official who issued it forgot—it seems an amazing blunder of memory—the difference between British and American time.

The announcement came into the hands of the London correspondent of an American financial news service. He took the precaution of asking whether there was any prohibition on cabling the news to the States, and was informed that nothing had been said to that effect by the official who had issued it. Realising its importance, he cabled it to New York, and in a few minutes it was flashed all over the United States just as the American business day was at its height.

Then started one of the wildest trading sessions in the history of the world of commodities.

The Trans-Atlantic Telephone Service had just recently been inaugurated and all its resources were strained to the uttermost while American dealers 'phoned up their associates in London to try to find out whether the announcement was really official.

British stockbrokers and rubber dealers had closed their offices and gone home. Many of them were roused from their beds to answer frantic 'phone calls from New York, and were given news which staggered them and sent them rushing to the City hours before their normal time after a sleepless night.

Fifty millions lost

When they got there and the morning papers were available they found that the news from the States was true and that the British Government had decided to reconsider restriction. By then it was too late. For hours American speculators had been selling rubber and rubber shares, realising that if restriction were to come to an end—as it did very shortly after when the new committee reported—there must be an immediate fall in rubber prices.

It is estimated that as a result of the Government's decision and the forgetfulness on the part of the official over the difference in British and American time, there were total losses to British rubber merchants and to over 1,260,000 shareholders in British rubber companies of at least £50,000,000. Some estimates, indeed, place the total eventual losses at as high as £200,000,000.

Not only did the rubber merchants and shareholders lose, but all the big rubber manufacturers and tyre companies found that their stocks held for manufacturing purposes were only worth a fraction of their former value as the price of the commodity fell and fell and fell.

It went on falling until not long ago it reached the phenomenally low level of under 1½d. a lb., while many rubber shares became hardly worth the paper on which they were printed.

The new boom

Now a new phase in the drama has begun.

There is to be a new restriction scheme, but this time one which embraces all producing countries, so that not only the British but the French, the Dutch and the independent producers of the East are concerned in it.

Already, as a result, a new boom in rubber shares has begun.

The United States has shown signs of nervousness again, of fears that once more the price of a commodity essential to her industries is to be rushed up—for her own attempts at growing rubber have all so far been failures.

To meet that criticism representatives of American and other rubber consumers have been invited to co-operate with the International Governmental Committee which is to regulate the export and sale of rubber.

They have now agreed to do so, so that at long last it seems possible that a new future may open for rubber—a future without the romance and drama of the past—without the huge fortunes of other days, but equally without the enormous losses.

A future, indeed, in which rubber may take its place as an essential commodity of modern civilisation controlled for the benefit of all!

"Make familiar dishes pleasant surprises" says

Mrs. D. D. Cottington Taylor, Director, Good Housekeeping Institute

Mrs. D. D. Cottington Taylor, the renowned cookery expert, offers a suggestion to every housewife.

• • •

"In almost every kind of dish, the old, tried recipes can hold their own against any number of exotic preparations. But, they must be served at their best to be appreciated. One way to make soups creamier, more delicious — and more nourishing — is by the use of Quick *Quaker Oats in place of other thickenings.*

"A little Quick *Quaker should be stirred in while the soup is simmering — allowing about one dessertspoonful per person. It will quickly melt away into the soup.*

"I may say there are many appetizing and economical dishes, suitable for any meal, which can be made with Quaker Oats. Here for example is one simple recipe":

QUAKER OATS AND CHEESE CHARLOTTE

4 ozs. *Quick* Quaker Oats.
4 ozs. cheese.
½ teasp. mustard.
Pepper and salt.
2 small onions.
4 tomatoes.
¼ pint water.
1 oz. butter or dripping.

Chop the onions and fry until golden brown in half the butter or dripping. Well grease a pie-dish, sprinkle one-third of the *Quick* Quaker in the bottom, cover with a layer of onion, tomatoes and cheese. Continue in alternate layers, sprinkling each with pepper, salt and a little mustard, and adding a little of the water, until the dish is full, arranging for the top layer to be of *Quick* Quaker. Sprinkle with grated cheese, put the remainder of the butter over the top in small pieces and cook in a slow oven for 40 minutes.

Signed D. D. Cottington Taylor

Two kinds—Quaker Oats & Quick *Quaker*
Now only 4d. & 8½d. per packet

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MY LIFE:-7 *by* Viscount Snowden

FREE SPEECH *in* WAR TIME

IT will always be to me a matter for surprise and gratitude that we were permitted to carry on an active propaganda for peace, by public meetings and in our own Press, and by the distribution of leaflets and pamphlets during the four years of the war.

One would have expected that when the vast majority of the people believed that the country was in a life and death struggle, when hardly a family in the land had not fathers and sons and near relatives exposed to death, when soldiers were daily returning home broken, sightless, maimed and limbless, that the public would have violently resented any talk of activities which went counter to the popular view and which were regarded as unpatriotic and as likely to hinder the successful prosecution of the war.

I understood all that, and, looking back on the events of these years I felt that on the whole the best traits in the British character were displayed.

The love of freedom, the right to express opinions in the Press and in public speeches which are opposed to the popular view, are ingrained in our British people, and this, I think, explains the general toleration which was shown to peace propaganda during the war.

A peace meeting in 1916

✦✦✦✦✦✦✦

There was, of course, a great deal of misrepresentation and misunderstanding of our peace attitude. We were not a "Stop the War" Party, if by that was meant laying down our arms unconditionally. Our position from the beginning of the war was that stated at a later period by Lord Lansdowne, Lord Loreburn, Lord Buckmaster, Mr. Runciman, and other prominent statesmen.

With the exception of two or three Socialist weekly papers, the whole Press of the country was against us. The more irresponsible section denounced us as "traitors" and "pro-Germans," and incited soldiers and civilians to break up our meetings, and went as far as they dare in suggesting personal violence towards us.

Nearly every pulpit in the land and nearly every religious journal was preaching hate, glorifying war and denouncing peace talk. I was turning over a few days ago a mass of Press cuttings of extracts from sermons, speeches by ministers of religion, and articles from the religious journals. I thought I might give a selection, but I cannot—they are too terrible. All the speakers and writers are probably now ashamed of "what they did in the Great War."

When I recall war-time experiences like these; when I remember how men who had been life-long pacifists, how ministers of the Prince of Peace, and how newspaper editors who opposed Britain's entry into the war turned their journals into jingo organs when war broke out, I feel somewhat sceptical as to whether their present pacifist sentiments would stand the strain of opposition to another war.

I do not in the least doubt the sincerity of their desire for peace, nor of their hatred of war. But if the next war about which everybody is now talking does come, all the old justifications of it will be urged afresh. It will be represented as another "war to end war" and as "a war to dethrone militarism," and patriotism will be invoked to win support for it.

It is true that very few people want war; it is equally true that a war is always popular in its early stages. The Boer War was one of the most unjustifiable wars ever waged by Britain. It was a mean war; the power of a mighty Empire used to crush the independence of a small farmer State; and yet it was popular. Thackeray was right when he wrote that when the soldier gets into the vision of the people he obscures all else.

The only way to prevent the people from becoming war-mad is to prevent war from breaking out. It is necessary to work in time of peace to establish conditions which will leave no possible justification for war.

✦✦✦✦✦✦✦

From what I have said about the state of public opinion in the early years of the war, it will be understood that the position of those who did not take the popular line was not an enviable one.

It needs a good deal of courage to stand almost alone and face calumny, scorn and misrepresentation. Cowardice can never be imputed to men who dare to do that. They may be wrong, but their motives deserve respect. I think that any of those who profoundly disagreed with the attitude of the pacifist to the war felt like that towards them. This probably goes far to explain the general toleration which was shown towards peace propaganda during the War.

In my own personal experience I was more fortunate than some of my friends. I was never prosecuted for any of my speeches or writings. I was never sent to prison, though I am sure I deserved that distinction as much as some of my friends who were incarcerated.

I addressed public meetings practically every week-end when Parliament was sitting, and on weekdays during the Recess. With a very few exceptions these meetings were perfectly orderly.

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I can only call to my mind four meetings where there was some disturbance. One was at Huddersfield, where a number of very young men in training tried to force their way on to the platform from the stair behind. The attack was beaten off with one minor casualty. One of the intruders, in making a hasty retreat down the stairs, fell and broke his cane. The pieces were given to my wife as a memento of the occasion.

Only at two meetings in my constituency was there the least opposition manifested. At one crowded Town Hall meeting a local Town Councillor, a well-known Tory character, made himself objectionable at question time. A tumult was created, during which he was escorted from the hall in the custody of the stewards.

At the other meeting a disturbance was caused by a few men and women at the back of the hall who were persistent in their interruptions. Peace, by negotiation with the stewards, was eventually secured, and the meeting proceeded quietly.

The rowdiest meeting I had was one Sunday afternoon at Hull, in 1917. The disturbance was prearranged. There was no violence, but constant in-

(Continued on page 24)

"I nearly lost my job

UNTIL I FOUND OUT THIS WAY TO STOP FEELING TIRED

"I'm head waitress at a large café in Manchester and it's a pretty hard job. I'm on my feet many hours a day. It's extra work for me, too, seeing that customers are served in their right order and that the bills are made out right — I've got to keep my wits about me.

"I nearly lost my job about 3 months ago because I got so tired and 'nervy,' kept breaking things. I added up bills wrongly, too. There were several complaints from customers all in one week. The manageress warned me. Then a friend of mine who's over 70 and takes Hall's Wine to keep her strength, put me on to it. The very first day my nerves felt better. In less than two months taking lovely Hall's Wine regularly I felt as full of go as if I'd had three months' holiday lying on the beach somewhere — the hardest day is no trouble now my nerves are strong. I'm glad I was given Hall's Wine when I needed it." (*Miss*) *A. G. Fleming, Lord Street, Lower Broughton, Manchester.*

"A NURSE TOLD ME —"

"Most women think it's natural to feel weak and 'old' at my age. I did too . . . Then a nurse told me about Hall's Wine. I've got my strength now." (*Mrs.*) *Agnes Culliman, Cromford Road, London, S.W.18.*

DELICIOUS TONIC

Isn't it worth 5/6 never to be tired out?

"Nerves" won't trouble you any more if you get rid of your tiredness. Prepared from the formula of a well-known doctor, Hall's Wine has a quick and lasting effect no other tonic gives. Letters like that above prove it. Hundreds of letters from nurses (actual letters open for inspection) prove its wonderful results even more. Start today! From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5/6. Stephen Smith & Company, Limited, Bow, London, E.3.

HALL'S WINE

STRENGTHENS YOU IF TIRED OR RUN DOWN

RATIONAL TAILORING 50/- NO EXTRAS

"I've got my Brother to go to them AT LAST!"

THE CHIEF: Well, Well, Well! What brought him round in the end?

SECRETARY: When he saw that advertisement about himself, that had a great effect—although he wouldn't admit it, of course.

THE CHIEF: Anything else?

SECRETARY: Oh, a few odd bits of sisterly nagging, here and there!

THE CHIEF: And what does he think about The Fifty Shilling Tailors and all their works, now?

SECRETARY: He's delighted. It's really comic to see how enthusiastic he is—after the way he used to air all his prejudices.

THE CHIEF: I knew it was nothing but prejudice. What did he buy? A suit?

SECRETARY: No, a light Overcoat. It really is a lovely piece of cloth and certainly makes him look smarter than *I've* ever seen him before.

THE CHIEF: Still, I wonder he didn't try them out on a suit.

SECRETARY: Oh, but he's going to, in a week or two. But what happened was that after he'd bought his coat, he couldn't resist a pair of those Worsted Flannels of theirs. Aren't they really marvellous! I think it's the perfect material for flannels. Have you seen it?

THE CHIEF: Yes, and that reminds me, too! See that I get a pair before the week-end. And tell your brother he's got plenty of other things to try them out on yet —plenty of other pleasant surprises in store—Sports Jackets, Raincoats, Dress Wear, Plus Fours. He'll be a convert for life long before he gets through the whole list!

The FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS

35 Piccadilly, W.1 • 95-97-99 Oxford Street, W.1 • 98-99 Cheapside, E.C.2 • 88 Strand W.C.2

For Patterns write to: 110-111 Strand, London, W.C.2

OVER 200 DEPOTS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS

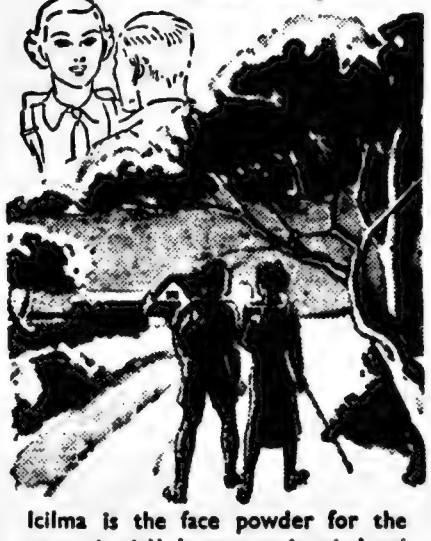
Proprietors: Prices Tailors Limited

Bathe with a safe soap! Wright's is the only toilet soap to receive the Blue Seal (highest award) of the Institute of Hygiene. In its new maroon-and-yellow packing, it now offers you the welcome saving of a larger tablet at the former 6d price.

WRIGHT'S coal tar SOAP

SIXPENCE PER TABLET (*U.K. only*)

"A fifteen-mile walk doesn't harm your complexion"



Icilma is the face powder for the open-air girl! It stays on in wind and rain, giving that delicate "peach-bloom" to the skin which men admire so much. Buy a box of Icilma and stop worrying about your complexion!

VALUABLE BEAUTY OUTFIT

For a COMPLETE TRIAL BEAUTY OUTFIT containing two boxes of Icilma Face Powder (Naturelle and Rachel), tubes of Icilma Vanishing, Flesh-Tinted and Cold Creams, a full-size 3d. Icilma Shampoo, and a full-size 3d. Icilma Hair Powder for dry shampoo, send 6d. in stamps to Icilma (Dept. 23F), 39 King's Road, London, N.W.1. Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1½d. stamp. This offer does not apply to the Irish Free State.

Icilma Face Powder

1/3 1/- 6d.

In five charming shades: Naturelle, Rosée, Crème (Rachel), Brunette, Sun-tan

ICP 5-185-65

Continuing MY LIFE *by Viscount Snowden*

Man *who* Defied Asquith

terruptions, which made it difficult to give a coherent speech. About a dozen lads from the Navy had come to the meeting, and they led the opposition, which was taken up by a section of the audience. Anyone with experience of lively public meetings knows that the main part of the commotion is caused by the supporters of the speaker.

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The sailors who had caused the disorder were in the charge of a Methodist minister whom I had known as a speaker on the Socialist platform. I exonerate him from all responsibility for the row. He appealed for a fair hearing on condition that I would answer questions at the end of my speech. His appeal was in vain, so I declined to answer questions, and this led to renewed uproar.

After the meeting the minister held a protest meeting outside, and, as the local Press report put it, "after his protest the crowd persed." This was the most turbulent meeting I had during the war.

There was a sequel to this meeting. Some years after I had a letter from a young man in the Navy. He wrote, reminding me of this meeting, and said: "I was one of the party of sailors who deliberately came to that meeting with the sole object of preventing the meeting taking place. At that time I was young and suffering from the malady which had its grip on the masses. Since then my views have altered. I have been hoping that I might meet you personally, but I cannot wait any longer because I feel it my bounden duty to offer you an apology for what I did at that meeting."

I was much more fortunate than some of my friends in my experiences of public meetings. On three occasions, when my wife was one of the speakers at peace meetings, the meetings were violently broken up by organised gangs, and she was lucky to escape without suffering physical injury. But these were exceptional experiences. She addressed a very large number of peace meetings, and, with three exceptions, her experience was the same as mine.

Hundreds, nay, thousands, of peace meetings, large and small, must have been held during the war, and it is a great tribute to the fairmindedness of the British people, and to the tolerance of the authorities, that they passed off, on the whole, so quietly.

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Some of the meetings I addressed stand out in my memory. I remember one I had in Glasgow on a Sunday evening in December, 1916 The large theatre was packed two hours before the advertised time. At most of my meetings in the last two years of the war a resolution was submitted appealing for peace by negotiation, and this was invariably carried.

I made the journeys to these meetings alone and unprotected, except when my wife was to be a joint speaker. I was never molested or subjected to abuse, though I was well known all over the country.

The only occasion on which I was attacked was a year after the end of the war. When I was entering the hall where the meeting was to be held an ex-soldier gave me a violent blow in the face which felled me to the ground.

This incident also had its sequel. Some years after the man wrote to me to express his deep regret and to ask for my forgiveness.

My wife was attacked during the war in the street in which we lived at Golders Green by a well-dressed man, who slashed her face with a cane and made a deep cut. On one occasion a brick was thrown through our window.

Looking back to the days of the war, I am surprised at two things: first, that I escaped personal injury; and, second, that I never had the least fear of it. I came home to Golders Green from the House of Commons nightly by the Tube Railway, and walked in my laborious way through the unlighted and quiet street from the station to my home without ever thinking of the possibility of attack.

I never anticipated trouble at any meeting I was to address, even when the Press beforehand had incited the public to turn up and destroy the meeting. I was advertised to address meetings one Sunday at Rochdale in the afternoon and at Oldham in the evening. That morning a Sunday newspaper circulating widely in the area came out with a violent attack on me, and with an incitement to prevent me from speaking at these meetings. Both the meetings passed off without any opposition.

I received, as was to be expected, the attention of the anonymous correspondent, who sent abusive and often indecent postcards and letters.

On the other hand, soldiers wrote to me, expressing their approval of the stand I was making for peace, and their disgust with the politicians who, far away from the cannon's mouth, were making others fight and die.

There was an incident in connection with the treatment of the conscientious objectors in prison which I must relate because it answers the charge so often made against Mr. Asquith that he was always slow in making up his mind to take definite action.

A large number of these resisters had been concentrated in one of the London prisons and placed in charge of a military officer as Commandant. He treated the men in a shameful way, and wrote long letters to them of a most abusive nature.

Some of these letters came into my hands, and I at once set out to place them before Mr. Asquith, who at that time was acting temporarily as Secretary for War in place of Lord Kitchener, who had just been lost in the *Hampshire*.

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When I reached Downing Street Mrs. Asquith was just coming out. Her car was at the door. She asked me if I was coming in to see Henry. She thought he was engaged at the moment, but she would like to have a talk with me until he was ready to see me.

So we went into the Secretary's room, and for half an hour she gave me a most entertaining time. The intrigues of Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Northcliffe which led to the overthrow of Mr. Asquith's first Government were still going on, she said. She saw them walking and conspiring at six o'clock in the morning in the garden of No 11. Her great desire at that time was to see both of them dangling from lamp-posts in Whitehall!

When I was called into the Cabinet Room to see Mr. Asquith he apologised for keeping me waiting. I told him I had been talking to Mrs. Asquith and he said, "Oh," in a tone which implied, "I wonder what she has been saying now." She had said nothing indiscreet unless it were an indiscretion to tell me such family secrets as "Henry" coming home from the House every night to hear "Puffin" (Anthony) say his prayers before he went to sleep.

Without any preliminaries I put the letters before him. I had carefully arranged them so that he read the milder ones first. The last letter I put before him had this sentence: "You say you are going to make a complaint to the War Office. You can do what the hell you like. I do not care a damn for Asquith or anybody else."

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When Mr. Asquith read that expression he collected all the letters, put them into his pocket, and said: "I am going across to the War Office now, and you will hear later what I have done." In half an hour that official was dismissed from his post.

Before leaving the conscientious objectors, I may mention a strange incident that happened during a debate about them in the House of Commons. A young Conservative member, Mr. Harold Smith, a brother of "F. E.," was denouncing these resisters with great vigour as cowards and shirkers.

I quietly interrupted him by asking: "Seeing that the Rt. Hon. Member is himself of military age, will he kindly tell us why he is not serving in the Army?"

For a moment he was completely confounded, and then made this amazing remark: "That is a matter for my own conscience."

The House was aghast at the inanity of this observation. The member stumbled through two or three more sentences and then sat down. I do not think he ever spoke again in that Parliament.

A photograph of Philip Snowden and his wife taken in 1917

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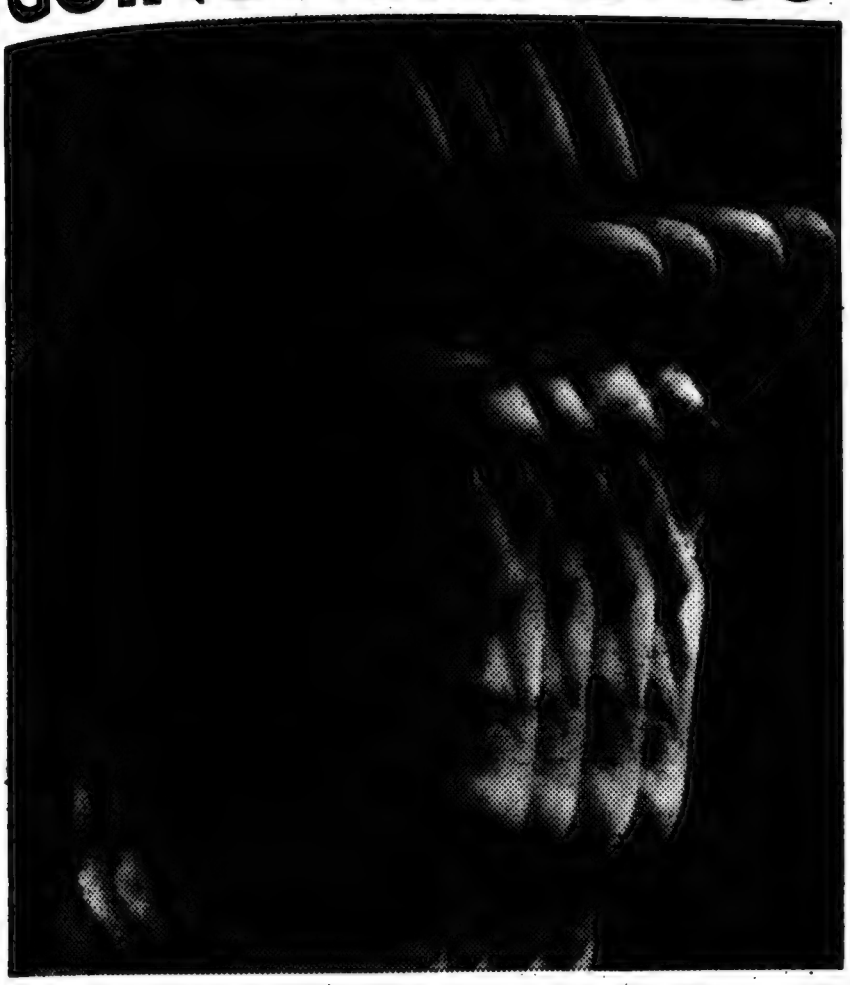
Next Week:
STRIKES

GOING! GOING! GO



—Not quite . . . just pulled himself together in time. A momentary dizziness . . . nothing to worry about,

but a warning that Nicotine poison is at work. A *Nic-o-cin* pastille eaten overnight would have effectively checked Nicotine's harmful effects. Get a tin of *Nic-o-cin* to-day and enjoy a clear head and firm nerves for the future . . .

6D & 2/6
From all Chemists Tobacconists and Stores

Nic-o-cin

neutralizes nicotine

—AND LETS YOU GO ON SMOKING

ARE PRECIOUS DO NOT NEGLECT THEM

At the first sign of redness, irritation, crusts on the eyelids when waking—take immediate action, or serious complications will follow. Singleton's will protect and keep your eyes in perfect condition. For over 500 years THE WORLD'S UNRIVALLED REMEDY FOR ALL EYE TROUBLES—Weak, Watery and Bloodshot Eyes, Eye Strain, Cold, Inflamed Eyelids, Styes, Ulcers, etc.

SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT

From all Chemists, or Direct at 2/9 per pot.

FREE BOOK. To Stephen Green, Ltd., 216, Lambeth Road, London, S.E.1. Please send booklet, "How to Preserve the Eyesight."

NAME .....

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ACE OF BLADES

The Ace of Blades

THE SUPER EDGE BRITISH BLADE

4 for 6d at all branches of WOOLWORTH'S

"Jif SAVES RAZOR BLADES"

"I find that since I changed to 'Jif' Shaving Soap my razor blades last me four times as long, and every shave is perfect."
N.S. Colchester.

"I am writing you about your wonderful shaving soap 'Jif.' It is really amazing the lather it works up. It makes shaving an absolute pleasure and blades last longer."
J. H. Darwen.

"This morning I used your 'Jif' Shaving Cream and was surprised at getting such a rapid, smooth and easy shave in spite of the fact that I was using a razor blade five weeks old."
J.H. Preston.

"'Jif' is the finest shaving soap I have ever used. My razor keeps a better edge and does not want the strop so often."
W.M. S.E.17

"I have just tried your 'Jif' Shaving Stick. It is a revelation—and what's more, it saves on the razor blades."
H.W.S.W. Luton.

The originals of these letters can be seen at the Soap Works, Isleworth.

6d STICK or CREAM

PEARS Jif

Shaving STICK or CREAM

A. & F. PEARS. LTD.—*THE MAKERS OF PEARS SOAP.*

PJ 36/364

A Cross Constipated Child needs 'California Syrup of Figs'—the Safe Fruit Laxative.

MOTHER! No matter what ails your little one—be it a stuffy cold, sore throat, diarrhoea, or stomach-ache, the first treatment should always be a thorough internal cleansing.

Give a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' immediately. Children simply love its delicious flavour and its unfailing action is gentle and entirely natural. In a few hours the little system will be thoroughly cleared and you will once again have a healthy happy child.

A child will not take the time from play to empty the bowels and as a result develops a sluggish liver and disordered stomach. To remedy this and cleanse and regulate the child's whole system, doctors and nurses the world over recommend a regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs'—the Safe Fruit Laxative.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists, 1/3 & 2/6. Be sure to emphasize the word 'California' when buying, and no mistake will be made.

"California Syrup of Figs"
NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE

DON'T MASK YOUR SKIN BLEMISHES

Creams may fill up enlarged pores, and powder cover up pimples, spots, eruptions, etc., but nothing can equal the charm of a naturally spotless complexion. Don't put a mask over your blemishes; cleanse the disfigured skin with D.D.D. Brand Prescription, a sure cure for all skin troubles. Apply this soothing liquid and the skin is quickly cleared of blemishes and eruptions, and the old tissues are replaced by the faultless complexion you have always longed to have. Buy a 1/3 bottle of D.D.D. Prescription to-day—of all Chemists.

FREE.—Send a postcard to-day for a liberal free trial bottle. D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.38, FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION FOR SKIN HEALTH

Human Documents by Philip Inman

Tell your private troubles to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing STAMPED envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

The WIFE who must NOT Forgive

To forgive or not to forgive? She must deliberate well . . .

I AM not a pessimist. Indeed, on most questions I am an incurable optimist. But I have one grave concern. It is the way many young people are making a mess of their married lives.

Here is a letter from a wife who at the age of twenty-three has been forced to begin divorce proceedings against her husband:

"The reason for our parting," she says, "is his association with a girl of seventeen. He was charged with abducting her, and I was granted a maintenance order, but have received nothing from him because until recently he has been out of work. Before that happened he had, to my knowledge, carried on with two other girls.

"To-night, as I was going home, he stopped me in the street and said that he was deeply sorry for all that he had done. He also told me that he had found a job with good prospects and believes we could be happy together again if I will only return to him.

"But, quite honestly, I don't love him, and I told him so. His reply was, that if he makes me happy I should do so in time.

"What should I do? I have a small child of three and I could not stand the misery of the last years again. Yet I could not bear to think I had ruined his life, for he may go from bad to worse if I don't take him back."

Now, I believe in forgiveness. I know how effective "a second chance" has often proved. But there are limits to one's endurance, and in this case I think that limit has almost been reached.

That husband, although still young, has already had chance after chance. The abduction charge, which actually caused the break, came after several other unpleasant incidents. Now he says he is sorry for his past misconduct and is anxious to resume his married life.

☆ ☆ ☆

A MERE expression of regret is, in my opinion, not sufficient. He may desire a reconciliation on purely selfish grounds. It would stop the divorce proceedings and lead to the cancellation of that maintenance order. For although he has not contributed so far to the support of his wife and child, now that he has obtained work he can be made to do so.

There is this further important factor to consider. This girl declares that her love for her husband is dead. If she is absolutely sure, then that definitely decides the issue. To go back to him would make her marriage into a mockery. And there could be no peace or happiness for any of them.

But let me urge her not to make a decision in a hurry. There is her child as well as herself to consider. I advise her to tell her husband that she will give her answer in six months' time. That would enable her to make sure of her own feelings, and also give her an opportunity of testing the genuineness of his repentance. If that man intends to go straight in the future he will welcome an opportunity of this kind to prove it.

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My second letter shows the problem from the husband's point of view. He tells me that he is a 'bus conductor, twenty-nine years old.

"My wife," he goes on, "is twenty-five and we have a little boy. As I thought they both needed a change I sent them on a holiday to my mother's. After their return I was told that my wife and a young girl cousin who had gone with her had been flirting with men, and that my wife had actually removed her wedding-ring.

"When I taxed her with it she confessed and said that it was only a joke, and that no harm had been done. It led to a quarrel, and a week ago she left home and went to live with her mother. On two other occasions she has gone away on the excuse that she could not stand my nagging. Yet, in spite of it all, I still love her dearly, and cannot believe there is any real wrong in her.

"She, on her part, now seems really sorry and has promised never to carry on in the same way again. I would take her back for the sake of our boy and the home. At the same time I want to put a stop once and for all to the way she has been going on."

This young wife called her conduct "only a joke." I fail to see any humour in it for any of them. Presumably she removed her wedding-ring to mislead the men she met into thinking that she was a single girl. She was prepared to forget her home, her husband and her child. And, mark you, this happened when her husband had been considerate enough to send her away for a holiday!

There is, too, this further complication: This wife is obviously very irresponsible in other ways. Because everything has not gone as smoothly as she would have liked, she has left her home twice on the impulse of the moment. She evidently looks upon hers as a marriage of convenience—and that, *her* convenience.

What, then, can my correspondent do? He is perfectly right in refusing to tolerate such treatment any longer. But if he, who is best able to judge, is sure that his wife, though foolish and impulsive, has done no real wrong, then I advise them to make a fresh start together.

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I say this because my correspondent tells me that he dearly loves his wife and that she is "really sorry" for what has happened.

Happiness can be theirs if they will only remember two things. Let that girl realise that her marriage lines are not a meaningless scrap of paper, but that they carry with them responsibilities as well as privileges. Let that husband, too, ever bear in mind his wife's complaint of his nagging ways, and if her accusation is true, make up his mind that it shall cease forthwith.

☆ ☆ ☆

MY third letter comes from a woman who has had many more years of married life than either of my other correspondents. And yet she, too, is in trouble.

"For nineteen years," she tells me, "I can claim to have been a faithful wife and an attentive mother. Yet during the whole of that time I have had very few pleasures. I have not been to a single place of amusement.

"When I first met my husband I was just twenty. Then I belonged to our church choir and enjoyed many other social activities. But after my marriage things changed. My husband objected to my going out anywhere during the evenings and flew into a terrible rage whenever I did so.

"Yet he has always gone out himself. When I have tried to point out how unfair it all is, he answers that a woman's place is her home.

"I used to be afraid of his rages because they frightened the children so terribly. Now they are growing up, I haven't the same fear. But within the last few months another complication has arisen. Some time ago my husband lost his employment and ever since I have had to go out to work. My life, therefore, is just eating, sleeping, working, and I can see no way out."

What a bundle of contradictions that husband is to be sure! He says that a woman's place is the home. If he feels so strongly about it I wonder why he allows his wife to go out to work? If he is willing to let her earn money to keep him, surely he ought to be glad to see that she has the relaxations she so thoroughly deserves.

☆ ☆ ☆

ALTHOUGH things at present look rather hopeless, there are many points in my correspondent's favour.

Her children are growing up and they ought to prove a blessing to her, especially as they know how much she has had to endure. They should also be able to assist in maintaining the home and thereby release her from the obligation to go out to work herself.

Then she is also no longer afraid of her husband's rages as she used to be. I advise her to let him see that. Her position just now is a very strong one, and she should tactfully establish her rights whilst she can.

This is the line I advise her to take: "You are my husband," she should say, "the father of our children. Unfortunately at present you have no employment—that means I have to go out to work myself. What I expect in return is a little enjoyment and a peaceful home. We owe that to our children as well as to ourselves." I think if that husband is a sensible man he will agree to these terms. In any case, if they are put to him tactfully but firmly he has no alternative.

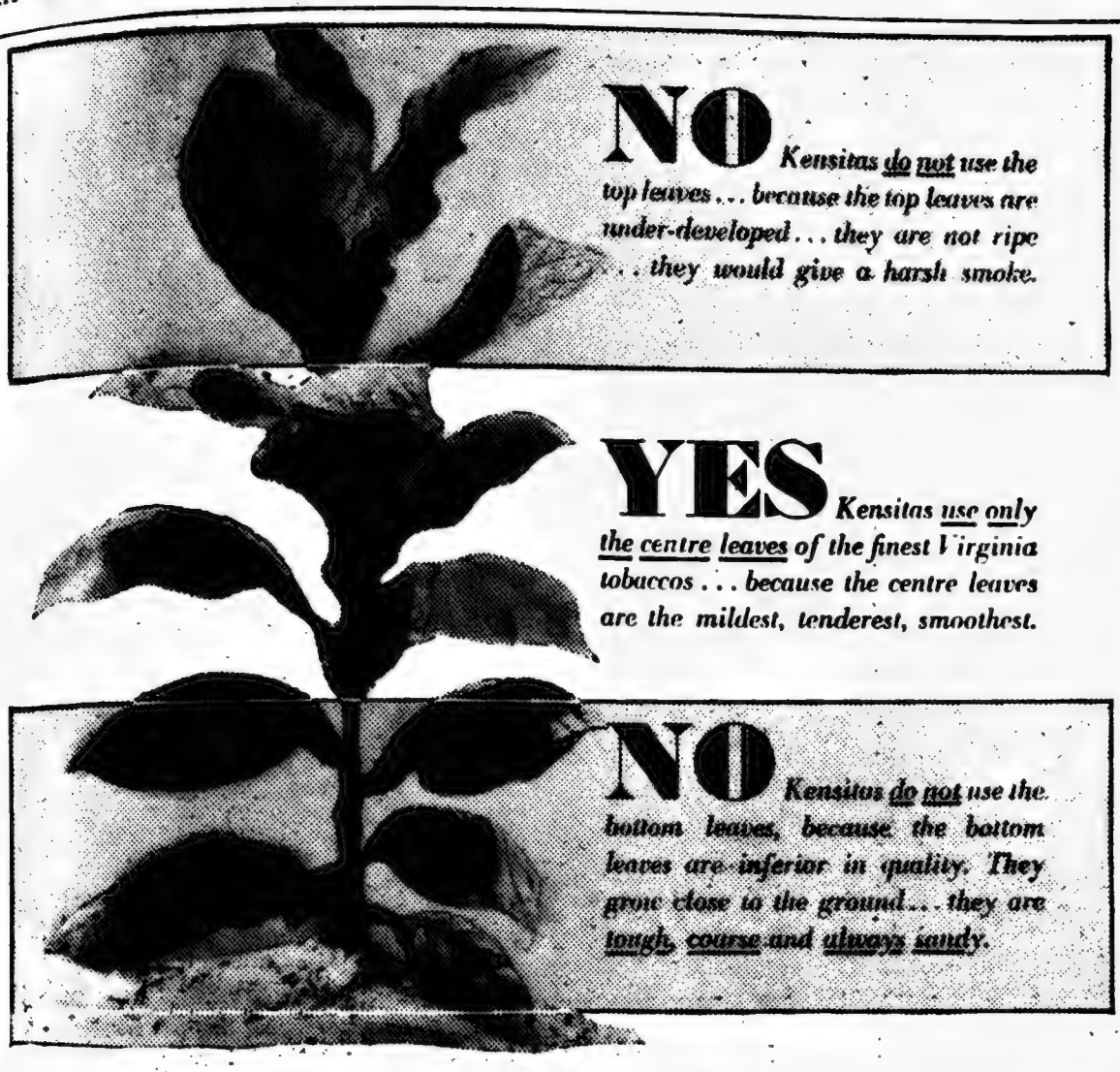
RIO GRANDE DISCOVERY

A fountain-pen 3,000 years old. That is the interesting discovery which has been made during recent excavations on the banks of the Rio Grande, the natural border between the United States of America and Mexico.

This fountain-pen of far-off days is formed from a deer joint, and obviously originally consisted of a bowl in which ink was placed so as to run into the stem which contained manganese of iron, so forming a thick, black fluid which flowed on to a brush and enabled the owner to form letters.

So much for the age of this ancient writing instrument. What of the long active service of modern fountain-pens? Many readers of JOHN BULL have had their JOHN BULL Fountain-Pens in constant use since 1916. Why not obtain one of these JOHN BULL Pens for yourself by cashing the famous JOHN BULL Pen Coupons.

Turn to announcement on page 2 right away.



NO *Kensitas do not use the top leaves... because the top leaves are under-developed... they are not ripe ... they would give a harsh smoke.*

YES *Kensitas use only the centre leaves of the finest Virginia tobaccos... because the centre leaves are the mildest, tenderest, smoothest.*

NO *Kensitas do not use the bottom leaves, because the bottom leaves are inferior in quality. They grow close to the ground... they are tough, coarse and always sandy.*

Only the Centre Leaves *-for better* TASTE

At the *centre* of Virginia's finest sun-ripened tobacco plants there grow just a few perfectly-developed leaves —in the very prime of tender ripeness. They are the Cream of the Crop—the most highly-prized, most valuable leaves—and they are the *only* leaves used in your Kensitas. Nothing else could give you that smooth, mellow-mild flavour of Kensitas—that *satisfying* better TASTE!

"Jenkyn ... the Hall Mark of Fine Quality"

Kensitas

NOT the top leaves—*they're under-developed—they are harsh!*

The Cream of the Crop
"The mildest, smoothest tobacco"

NOT the bottom leaves—*they're inferior in quality—coarse and always sandy!*

They're Mild... They Satisfy ...They Taste Better

On Our Wedding Day

My Husband Confided...

Never shall I forget the thrill that came over me when I realized that my husband's love was first inspired by the rose-petal beauty of my fresh, soft, white skin and complexion. Yet, only a few months before, my face was of a rough texture, marred by enlarged pores and blackheads. Then I obtained indescribable new skin beauty from the daily use of Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. It is whitening, tonic and astringent and absolutely safe for the skin. I feel certain that the beautifying effect of this Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood, will help any woman to stir the heart of a man.

FREE. By arrangement with the manufacturers, any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon Skinfood Creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 427T), Chase Rd., London, N.W.10.

It's a penny a mile to North Wales

What variety there is in North Wales! You can spend the morning at Llandudno or Colwyn Bay or Rhyl, have a picnic tea in the mountains, and be back in time for a concert party at night.

With an LMS "Summer Return Ticket" you travel by any train for a penny a mile and come back any time within a month.

"Holidays by LMS" (the comprehensive resorts and apartments guide)—6d. from LMS Stations, Offices, Bookstalls and Booksellers. Get a copy of "LMS Cheap Fares" and Illustrated Folder "North Wales" (free) from any LMS Station or Office.

Tourist Tickets available for three months—issued May to October.

L M S

LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY

Information for all who shave.

Have you ever thought of the care there must be behind every good razor blade that is manufactured? Keep your eye on this space, and in a short series of talks we shall give you information that will make your shave something to look forward to, and, incidentally, probably prevent that bad temper which often rises when you have had a poor shave.

Know the meaning of true shaving comfort — Use

STEAD
RAZOR BLADES

from the STEAD WALLET. 7 Blades for 6d.

Buy your weekly wallet on the way home.

Boots, Taylor's Drug Stores, W. H. Smith & Sons' Book Stalls, and most Dealers stock them.

Every man can be WELL DRESSED
.....at Low Cost!

Turn to the announcement of The Fifty Shilling Tailors on p. 23.

How to get rid of UGLY SKIN-SHINE

Ordinary face powders only prevent ugly shine for a few minutes, because they absorb the skin's natural moisture and form a glistening paste. The powder *itself* becomes shiny.

Chemists have found that powder can be made 'non-absorbent' by blending with Mousse of Cream. This is the Tokalon patent process. Poudre Tokalon cannot soak up the skin's moisture. That is why it gives a smooth, even 'dull finish' like the bloom on a fresh peach. It stays on five times as long as other powders; even in wind and rain, and while dancing for hours in the hottest room. One application of Poudre Tokalon prevents ugly shine *all day long*. 6d. and 1/- a box.

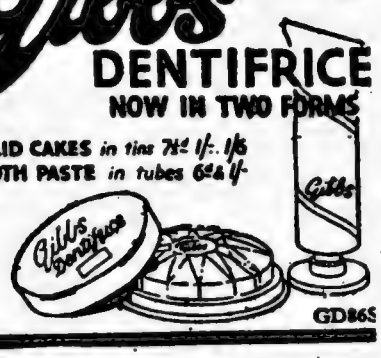
BOWLS FREE!
120 PAIRS GIVEN AWAY

Write for details.
E. J. RILEY Ltd., Dale Works, Accrington.

"That's not tobacco stain, that's worn enamel . . Change to GIBBS"

The only good tooth cleanser is one that cleans thoroughly *and safely*. That's why Dentists recommend Gibbs Dentifrice. Free samples of both forms of this famous product—Gibbs Solid Dentifrice and Gibbs Tooth Paste—gladly sent on receipt of 1½d stamp for postage. Write to D. & W. Gibbs Ltd. (Dept. 86V), London, E.1. You'll like the way Gibbs Dentifrice makes your teeth white and its delightfully refreshing flavour. Change to Gibbs to-day.

Gibbs DENTIFRICE
NOW IN TWO FORMS
SOLID CAKES *in tins* 7½d 1/- 1/6
TOOTH PASTE *in tubes* 6½d 1/-



GD86S

CHANGE *your* HAIR STYLE

It's dull, dressing your hair the same way week after week. Use Hindes Wavers and you can adopt new hair styles, with waves, curls and fringes.

Ask for No. 31 for Waves and No.4 or 30 for Curls and Fringes.

HINDES WAVERS

At Hairdressers, Chemists, Drapers and Stores

WHILE we read at this time of the year of the exodus of pilgrims from Britain and other countries to the famous shrine of Lourdes, we seldom hear of the lesser-known pilgrimages that take place in England, Scotland and Wales.

The old Pilgrims' Ways which, centuries ago, led to ancient shrines in our own land have now, for the most part, disappeared—have been built over by modern towns, or have given way to teeming arterial highways.

But pilgrimages are still made, although our modern pilgrim no longer proceeds on foot or on horseback, as in Chaucer's day. Rail or motor-coach now carry organised parties of pilgrims to places deserving of special veneration for religious, patriotic or other reasons.

Certain sections of the Church of England, for instance, are endeavouring with considerable success to revive interest in some of the ancient shrines which have become half-forgotten.

One such shrine is at Walsingham, in Norfolk, dating back to the times of Edward III

HERE are the ruins of an old priory. The shrine was reconstructed along the lines of the original one, erected in 1061 and modelled on the house in Nazareth which was reputed to have been the actual home of the Holy Family.

Throughout the centuries, the original form of this early English shrine—modelled, in its turn, upon the plan of a Nazarene dwelling—has been preserved and reconstructed through the zeal of a number of Anglican clergymen and laymen.

The shrine was opened in October, 1931, since when pilgrimages to Walsingham have increased in size and frequency. The pilgrims take train to Fakenham, whence they journey in motor-coaches to Walsingham. As many as 8,000 have visited "England's Nazareth," as the shrine has been called, in one year.

There are still those who believe the age of miracles is not yet past. For a grave, deeply shadowed by the surrounding trees, in the ancient churchyard of St. Winifred's, at Neston, Cheshire, is becoming a veritable Cheshire Lourdes. Here pilgrims have flocked from all parts of Britain as well as from abroad, and it is said that a Spanish prince is among the annual visitors.

Here is the grave of Teresa Higginson, a Neston school-teacher. She was greatly loved and respected in her native Neston, for her saintliness and devotion to the poor and the sick, and her powers of intercession for the sick, it is said, were such that many cases of healing were attributed to her.

Teresa Higginson died thirty years ago, after a life during which, it is claimed, she was in constant communication with Heaven. She was a Roman Catholic and there are many in this country who believe she should be elevated to beatitude or sainthood, and the authorities of her Church are at present investigating these claims.

Among the most picturesque legends connected with a revived pilgrimage is

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side Slips."

ST. HELENS NEWSPAPER AND ADVERTISER:—"J. —— was fined for PEDALLING without a licence."

NOTTINGHAM JOURNAL:—"The Fire Brigade prevented the FIRM from spreading.

BELFAST NEWS-LETTER:—"The 'talkie' brings entertainment into thousands of drab LIES."

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"The LACE train was of cream-coloured VELVET."

WORTHING GAZETTE:—"As to flooring, the finest covering possible is COOK."

THE PUBLISHER'S CIRCULAR:—"Miss —— will write her father's AUTOBIOGRAPHY."

YORKSHIRE POST:—"The Bishop was PEACHING in Leominster Priory Church."

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"The Act aimed at preventing CRUELTY to VEHICLES and drivers in order to lessen road accidents."

"England's Nazareth"—the east side of the ruined priory at Walsingham

On the NEW PILGRIMS' WAYS

that of the famous and beautiful image of the Virgin and Child at Brewood, a little village in Staffordshire.

This image—probably of the fifteenth century, and most wonderfully carved and painted—after the destruction of the Cistercian Chapel, in which, before the Reformation, it was housed, passed into the possession of a family named Gifford, where it remained until it was given to a church in Brewood about 1840. The story goes, however, that Cromwell's soldiery gashed the image and shot it with a musket bullet; and it is affirmed that the two wounds still exude a resinous moisture, although the rest of the wood has dried up with age.

Not all British pilgrimages, however, are connected with church ritual or tradition.

One of the strangest of modern pilgrimages was made in 1932, when thousands of teetotallers journeyed to Preston to commemorate the famed "Seven Men of Preston" who, a hundred years before, had taken the first total abstinence pledges in their modern form.

THERE are also the famous annual celebrations of King Charles the Martyr, when, on January 30, a dwindling party of devout "Legitimists"—adherents of the Jacobite cause, who hope for the restoration of the House of Stuart—assemble in Trafalgar Square and hold a brief service at the base of the statue of Charles I. These pilgrims are headed by a procession of clergy, led by Scottish pipers, and a wreath is laid at the foot of the statue of the king.

Famous Anglican pilgrimages which have either been revived of late, or in which renewed interest is taken, are those to the tomb of St. Frideswide, at Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford; to the shrine of St. David, in Pembrokeshire; and—this is one of the best known—to the tomb of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey.

One of particular interest to Londoners is the pilgrimage to the ancient church of St. Dunstan's, Canterbury, where lies the severed head of Sir Thomas More, barrister, born in Milk Street, Cheapside, later Lord Chancellor of England, and describer of the ideal state in his world-famous book "Utopia."

In Ireland there takes place every year a great pilgrimage—attended by many Irish-Americans, who have travelled from the United States specially for the occasion—and for which special trains are run from all parts of Ireland. This is the pilgrimage to Coragh Patrick, Co. Mayo, where Mass is celebrated on the summit of the 2,500-foot mountain, overlooking Clew Bay, where St. Patrick is said to have prayed 1,500 years ago. Many famous Irish notabilities, including President De Valera, have attended this commemoration.

And let us not forget that pilgrimage to what is Britain's most ancient shrine, Stonehenge, whose origin lies back in the dim veiled days before recorded history.

In June each year the Order of Druids celebrate their rites here, and often pilgrims are among them from the various countries where this famous mutual benefit society has its branches and its quarter-million of members—from Australasia, America, Sweden, Austria, Switzerland, Denmark and other lands.

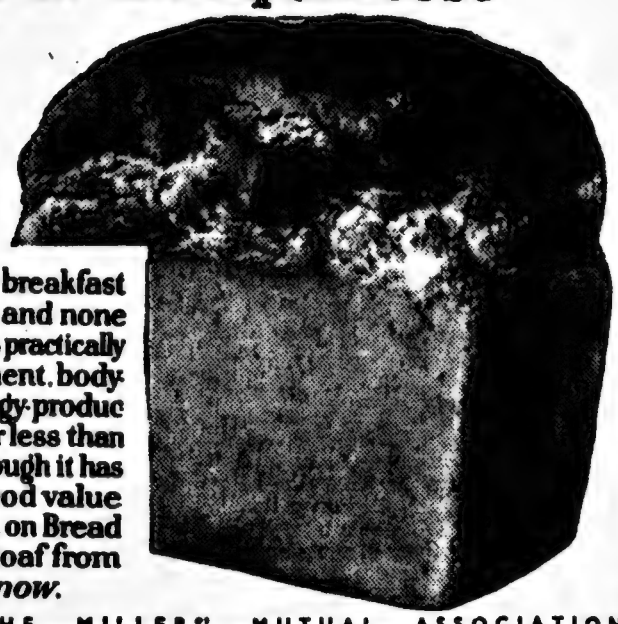
Here takes place the installation of new high officers with full Druidic rites, under the leadership of the Arch Druid, and here the Druidic song, "A Temple Now We raise," may be heard.

MOLD, in Flintshire, has witnessed the gathering of thousands of Welshmen from various parts of Wales, England and Scotland, on a kind of patriotic pilgrimage, organised by various Welsh societies. In the market place of the old North Welsh town they have assembled round the statue of Daniel Owen, famous Welsh writer, to hear an address upon the inheritance of the Welsh, their language and literature, and to commemorate their glories.

This year will witness a special pilgrimage to the austere and majestic ruins of the ancient Abbey of Glastonbury; and another to Canterbury, in which the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral are co-operating.

Whatever may be one's opinion as to the importance of pilgrimages, the fact remains that they are a most picturesque feature of our modern scene, and that they are being revived in connection with many shrines and other centres whither people journey with the purpose of solemn commemoration of some event or aspect relating to their faith or aspirations—religious, patriotic or fraternal.

You get more nourishment from a slice of BREAD than from any other food at an equal cost



There is no better breakfast food than Bread - and none nearly so cheap. It is practically all pure nourishment, body-building and energy-producing, yet it costs far less than cereal foods although it has a much higher food value. Start the day right on Bread - order an extra loaf from your baker *now*.

ISSUED BY THE MILLERS' MUTUAL ASSOCIATION C.F.H. 104

When the office door closes behind you

That precious holiday! Try spending it at Blackpool, where every golden second brings you its full value in holiday-happiness. Cliff walks, tide-swept beaches, a hilarious pleasure beach, a magnificent swimming-pool—and, for your evening gaiety, fine ballrooms, theatres, pier pavilions. And things aren't expensive—however little you spend you'll have the finest holiday of your life!

A profusely illustrated brochure "Blackpool Invites You" will be mailed free of charge to all who write: AK Foster, Town Hall, Blackpool. Write for it to-day.

PENNY-A-MILE TICKETS BY LMS

Cheap "Summer Tickets" and fast services from all parts by L M S. Full details from any L M S Station, Town Office, or Agency.

BLACKPOOL

Add NESTLÉ'S MILK *to* CORNFLAKES *for greater nourishment*

Castols

CASTOR OIL

THE Chocolate Laxative with 24 years' reputation

NOT a *compressed* tablet to be swallowed at a gulp. Best results obtained by sucking slowly at bed-time. Children like Castols and take them readily. Each 2d. packet provides one adult dose or three doses for children. No discomfort. No change in diet necessary.

Only 2d. for a trial packet
Also 1/- and 1/10 tins
All Chemists

TEST TO-NIGHT— FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW

Have a Capstan!

10 FOR 6D.
20 FOR 11½D.

Plain or Cork Tipped

-you'll like it better

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd CC442.

ANÆMIC FOR YEARS.

Always Languid and Irritable.

"For years I suffered from anæmia," states Miss I. M. Jones, of 9, Smith Street, Splott, Cardiff. "I was always languid, nervous and irritable, and often had fainting fits. Last October I had a nervous breakdown, and was kept away from my work for over two months.

"I lost my appetite entirely. Fits of depression came over me and I used to cry on the slightest provocation. I lost weight to an alarming extent.

"I could not go out alone for fear of being seized with a fainting fit. I was utterly listless and had no interest in anything. I could not sleep at night. I was often overcome by violent headaches.

"My cousin advised me to try Dr. Williams pink pills, and after only one box of the pills I found my appetite returning. I persevered with the pills and soon I was able to sleep well, and got up in the morning feeling bright and cheerful.

"I began to pick up some of my lost weight, my nerves grew steady, fainting fits no longer troubled me, and before long all my ailments were a thing of the past."

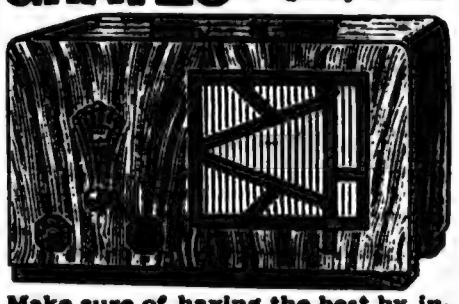
You can now buy Dr. Williams brand Pink Pills from any chemist at 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s. 6d.).

FREE. No girl should miss reading the booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to G.F. Dept., 38, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

Drink BARLEY WATER made from ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY.

See page 14.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Make sure of having the best by installing GRAVES-NATIONAL 3 Valve Battery-driven self-contained Set. It is a triumph of Radio skill and enterprise, and gives you countless hours of pleasurable entertainment.

Every component the best of its class. Steel Chassis, British Valves, Illuminated Tuning Dial. Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9in. **IT HAS A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN.** H.T. Battery, Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid **£6.10.0** or **8/-** monthly. Fullest Approval. **NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.**

8/- NOW

Mr. A. S. J. Y. of Upper Parkstone, writes:—"I received the Graves-National Wireless Set safely, and found it quite in order. After a whole week's thorough test I am delighted with its performance, both on long and short waves. Having compared it with various other sets in this district, costing from 5 to 8 guineas more, all I can say is that I would not change.

Mr. W. S. of Leeds, writes:—"I got my Wireless from you in 1928, and it is still working grand. I have not had any trouble, and the valves that were in when I received it are still working."

GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE SET FOR A.C. MAINS fitted with finest components, including Iron-cored Radio Frequency Coils, latest pattern Moving Coil Loud Speaker. Beautifully figured Walnut Cabinet. Complete in all respects. Carriage Paid **£9:6:0** or **12/-** monthly. **NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.**

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of these and other self-contained Radio Sets of latest design for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Het Sets, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

WARM WEATHER WORRIES MEAN FATIGUE

When every spell of warm weather makes work a harder struggle, when your brain seems sluggish and your body unwilling, it's a sure sign that you are getting run-down.

And if you really get run-down, summer sunshine won't do much to cure you. What you need is something to invigorate your blood.

Just take three glasses of Wincarnis a day; the first thing you will notice will be how much better you sleep. The very first night you will sleep more soundly than you have for months. You will wake refreshed and reinvigorated.

Then you will find yourself getting stronger and stronger. You will tire less easily, have more zest for work and play, be more alert, more determined.

Remember, Wincarnis is not a drug or a medicine. It is simply the purest of wine with the great added advantage of the highest grade beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts. Try Wincarnis to-day.

Every Home Needs

ZAM-BUK Brand

The Ever-Ready

FIRST-AID

EVERY home needs its box of ointment. Let your ointment be Zam-Buk and then you have a safe excellent and thoroughly reliable antiseptic first-aid always at hand.

Should you cut your finger, scald yourself, or burn your arm on the oven door, a dressing of Zam-Buk will quickly stop the pain and heal with new healthy skin. If the kiddies fall and bruise their arms or knees, Zam-Buk is most soothing and safe. It keeps the sore, open places clean and free from contamination.

For rashes, eruptions, and more serious skin troubles like eczema, bad legs, ulcers, etc., Zam-Buk is a wonderful ever ready first-aid to have by you.

The secret of Zam-Buk's 30 years' success is its purely herbal origin and great refinement. Zam-Buk has a regular place in millions of homes. Get a 1/3 or 3/- box from your chemist to-day.

Exact Size

SOLID ZAM-BUK

For Piles use this famous herbal ointment in the form of soluble suppositories. Best left in position at night. It cures while you sleep. Be sure to ask for "Zam-Buk Suppositories." Price 1/3 box.

CURES PILES

RHEUMATISM

Bishop's Varalettes is the one rational remedy whose success in relieving Rheumatism and Gout at any stage has never been equalled by any other remedy. They neutralise, dissolve and remove from the system the uric acid which is the real cause of most rheumatic afflictions and thereby afford complete relief and future immunity from pain and crippling stiffness.

Prices: 1/6, 3/- and 7/- per bottle.

Write for Booklet containing Dietary Chart and an Offer of a 30-days' Trial Treatment.

ALFRED BISHOP, LTD

(Dept. J.B.), 48, Spelman St., London, E.1.

CITY OF LIVERPOOL BUILDING SOCIETY

are now offering

3½% ON LOANS

Repayable on One Month's Notice

3½% PREFERENCE SHARES

£1 each FULLY PAID

NO INCOME TAX DEDUCTED

Write for Booklet to SECRETARIES

GEO. H. EDWARDS & CO.,

14 COOK STREET, LIVERPOOL, 2

BLOWING DOWN A Town!

ONE of the most popular pastimes of the fairground is a game known as "breaking up the happy home," which finds an outlet for the human love of destructiveness by letting you aim at china at four balls for sixpence.

What a childish, insipid game it would seem to its participants if they stopped to think that there are people who blow up boilers, sink real ships, whirl massive flywheels at such speed that they disintegrate, short-circuit pylons of the great electric grid system, blight forests and crash lifts, and far from paying for the privilege, get paid for doing it.

The difference is that these people "break up the happy home"—and more besides—in the sacred name of Progress.

They live lives of smashing and sabotage not maliciously or impishly, but to save lives—and pockets.

One of the strangest tasks of this kind is to be carried out shortly at Teddington by Government research workers who are studying the likely effects on London of a terrific hurricane worse than anything experienced since the capital became a vast city.

They are making a section of a steel town so that they can blow it down again with a gale of their own making.

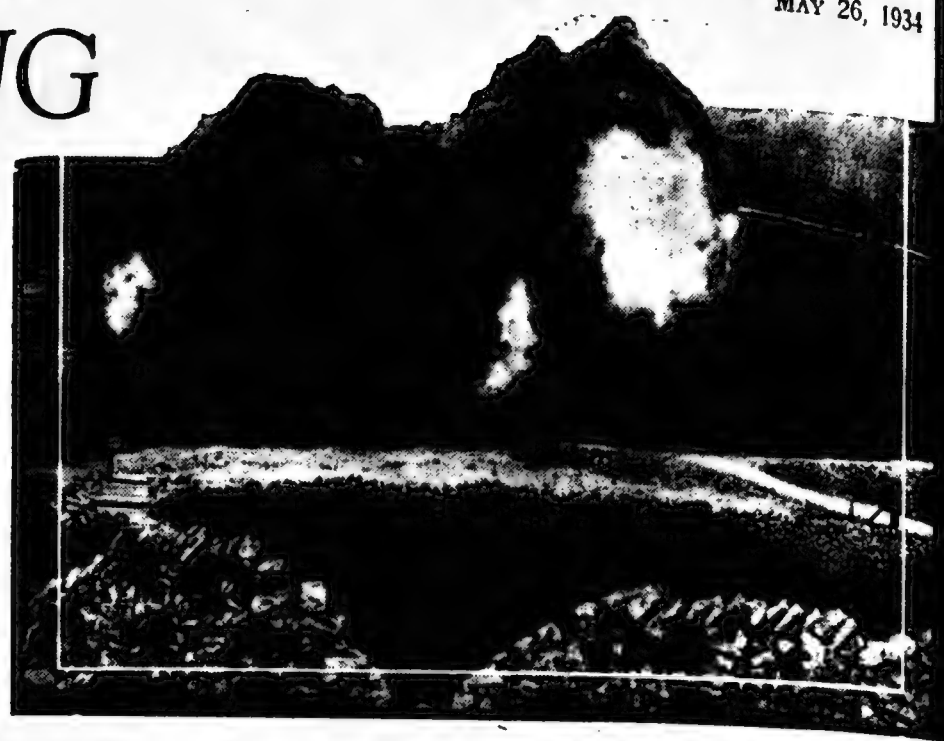
It was not long ago that these same workers were doing their best to burst factory boilers to ascertain the pressure necessary to cause such disasters.

THEY immersed the boilers in caustic soda to create as disintegrating a chemical action as possible and then exerted a steam pressure of 300 lb. per square inch, which they maintained until something gave way.

But the fractures they caused were under perfect control. There was no hissing steam to scald workmen to death, no flying débris to kill people in neighbouring houses. Their experiments were designed, in fact, to stop all that.

Many of their recent experiments have had as their object to make life safer for people working at dangerous processes, or living in the vicinity of potential danger.

For instance, they wanted to know at what voltage the various pylons used in the national grid system of distributing



A pit explosion—but it was deliberately produced by the Safety in Mines Research Board

—It's Only One of the "Disaster Men's" Strange Jobs

electricity would shed their electricity to earth. Better to find out by test than to wait until some hissing, crackling tongue of vivid blue lightning leapt down and caught a train, a car—something near or passing underneath.

They tried the different types of pylons, on wet days and dry, by day and by night, when the barometer was high and when it was low—in fact, under every conceivable condition.

And not until millions of volts, hundreds of times more than the pylons would ever be required to carry, were passing through the overhead wires did the current jump to earth, in forked flashes that could be seen miles away.

Tests of every type of chain on which human life depends was another branch of their experiments. They weren't content to submit them to a pull many times greater than they were ever likely to be called on to endure. They pulled them in the full strength of their newness and again when they had been weakened by heating, and never stopped until they had smashed them.

They did the same with every type of hook designed to carry human beings into mid-air or down into the bowels of the earth, or which had to carry loads that might drop on workers below.

Every hook was tortured until it broke. And if it gave way before it had carried six times more than the authorities would permit it to carry when the lives of men depended on it, it failed its test and was rejected.

Even that test was not sufficient. What would happen if the hook was suffering from that fatigue to which metal is so subject? So they submitted each hook to ten million vigorous punches and then tested it again.

Aeroplanes might become distorted in mid-air if not suitably tested—so they get the various parts used in a machine, spray them with chemical solutions that age them a thousand times quicker than ordinary conditions in mid-air are likely to do, and then twist them, pull them, or bend them backwards and forwards as if they are old factory scrap.

There is nothing the research worker will stop at—when safety is at stake.

Before work was finished on Runcorn Bridge, between Widnes and Runcorn, fifty of the heaviest locomotives were steamed on to it to invite it to collapse. If it had, the cost would have been enormous

Then to make the pits safer for our miners, specimen explosions have been created—not in the pits in which they have to work, but in sections built up specially for the purpose.

The safety of people using the British Museum has been safeguarded by similar research.

THE girders that support the building were put there a hundred years ago. The authorities wanted to make sure that they would do their work after so long a time. So they had three pulled, tugged and twisted by hydraulic means to find out exactly what weight they could carry and how much abuse they could withstand.

It is little known that there are special machines for destroying things—and very clever machines, too.

There are some in the motor-car trade's own research stations that bounce and hammer valuable motor parts for months and month until they give way.

Valuable motor engines, some of them special jobs that cost thousands of pounds to construct, are being driven to destruction to test either their design—before they are marketed—or the efficiency of different oils.

One test that would make the average car owner wince consists of surrounding an engine with ice and salt, so bringing its temperature down to 0 deg. Centigrade, and then starting and stopping it continually—to invite disaster.

Something similar is done to test the steel tyres of railway locomotives. They are revolved at tremendous speeds in contact with edges and sharp corners which imitates the special stresses they endure when a train is going round a corner. The experiments go on until they give way—all the time to ensure that they will not give way when the lives of hundreds of people depend on them.

Thus do these "safety men" who avert disaster by asking for it, go on with the job of "breaking up the happy home"—not out of sheer destructiveness, but to make the world a safer and more comfortable place.

"The Greatest of These . . ."

The Crooked Father

DERRICK is an adopted orphan who has just turned three. The story of his mother, by adoption, is a cruel tragedy. Her first husband, whom she married in August, 1914, was one of the first to go to France. Two years later her baby was killed at birth through an air raid, while within a few months her husband was killed in action.

Her health broke down, and she had to undergo many operations, and in 1922 she lost her invalid mother. In 1924 she went to Canada, hoping that a complete change would restore her health.

* * *

At the end of seven years she returned to England to undergo yet another grave operation. When she recovered she took up maternity work until her doctor advised her to drop it and suggested that she should foster a child. To this end she was registered as a foster-mother, and Derrick, then two weeks' old and more like a half-starved rabbit than a baby, was given into her charge.

Derrick had already stolen his way into her heart, and because his chest was weak she invested her savings in a house by the sea. With money derived from summer lodgers and her widow's pension of 26s. 8d. she and the boy lived in comparative comfort.

A few months ago she married a lodger of whom she had grown fond and trusted implicitly because she thought "if anything Derrick will have a daddy. . . ."

Derrick

By this second marriage she lost her widow's pension, and when she received her gratuity of £38 she willingly handed this over to help her husband in his supposed business. But there was no business, and he decamped with her money.

The seaside house had already been given up, and she and Derrick, after roaming the streets, entered an institution.

In order that Derrick and his foster-mother may pay for a shelter until she finds work, we plead for subscriptions earmarked "Derrick," to be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Corns

Hard Corns – Soft Corns – Corns Between the Toes – Callouses and every Foot Torture.

No Need To Suffer Any Longer !

For quick relief, all you need is a packet of 'REUDEL BATH SALTRATES' and a basin of hot water. Rest the feet in this *medicated* and *oxygenated* footbath for about twenty minutes. Pain disappears, the corn will soon become loose and can be pulled right out, root and all, like the hull out of a strawberry. Callouses can be scraped off.

A DOCTOR SAYS: "I've found a very good thing in 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' . . . I believe it does all it claims. I would not be without it." J. —— M.D., O.B.E.

VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE
If quick relief from corns and foot troubles is desired, on no account must 'Reudel Bath *Saltrates*' be confused with bath salts which lack curative action. Ask plainly for 'ROO-DEL' and see you get the *YELLOW* packet.

REUDEL BATH **Saltrates**
Pronounced ROO-DEL

Sold only in YELLOW Packets

Absolutely unequalled for ALL FOOT TROUBLES

1/6 • 2/6

Larger size contains double quantity.

BAD HEALTH NEARLY COST him his JOB

"I look forward to Monday mornings!" His new health makes work a pleasure—it would be hard to recognise Mr. Harding to-day as the nerve-ridden man of a month ago!

Mechanic who was On the Verge of Collapse

NERVES, HEADACHES, INSOMNIA

TO have to work 10 hours a day when Nerves made him nearly "jump out of his skin;" when Headaches hammered at his brain; when Insomnia made his nights a restless, aching torture. And—crowning blow of all—to have to face the tragic prospect of losing his job because of ill-health.

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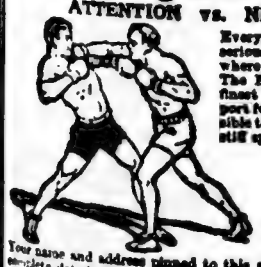

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"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories—84

NEVER before or since have I hidden in a washing-basket to catch a murderer

I Arrest a MURDERER —by Accident

WHILE serving as a police inspector in Malaya, I ran across many strange cases, but none stranger than the one I am about to relate, in which I caught a murderer entirely by accident.

It happened one evening when I was summoned to the station by the telephone orderly, who told me that a rich Chinese merchant named Tan Kim Swi had been murdered in his house, which was situated a short distance outside the town.

I had known the victim well; he had been a jolly old man and very generous with his wealth to the needy. He was very popular, and there seemed no possible motive, except robbery, for his murder.

This proved to be the case, for when I reached the station I found his widow practically in hysterics, and with great difficulty she told me the following tale:

At about half-past eight that evening she and her husband had been sitting in the front room of the house with their two children, when the front door had burst open and six men had rushed in.

Two of the intruders were brandishing revolvers and shouting "Hands up! Hands up!"

They were dressed in black and had blackened faces, so that they were unrecognisable. Her husband, although slightly lame, had pluckily confronted them with his stick, and had been immediately shot down.

The mother and the two children had been seized, bound and gagged, while the intruders proceeded to ransack the house.

They had broken open the cash box and taken about 10,000 dollars; afterwards taking the woman's jewellery.

When satisfied that they had taken everything they had driven off in a car, leaving the survivors of the family still bound. After many struggles the mother managed to extricate her hands and eventually got free. First she rushed over to her husband, who was dead; then she freed the two boys.

AFTER getting these facts I went to the scene of the crime. The house was in a disordered state, drawers and cupboards being smashed to bits, furniture overturned, while clothes and household property were strewn all over the place.

Close to the door lay Tan Kim Swi. He had bled profusely from a bullet wound under his heart. It was obvious that he had died quickly, so I sent his body to the hospital for a post-mortem examination, and then looked for something on which to build a case.

Although the assassins had made such an awful mess of the place, they had left nothing behind by which they might be identified, and after two hours' fruitless search I returned to the station. I then put two detectives on the case and went home to bed.

Next morning the P.-M. notes came in together with the bullet removed from Tan Kim Swi. I examined this, and found there were marks on it, denoting a fault in the rifling of the revolver from which it had been fired.

Here at last was a clue. Not a very comprehensive one, but still a clue. I gave instructions to all my detectives to ferret out all the unlicensed arms they could find in the district, and also called in all those that were listed.

In addition to this, all pawnbrokers and second-hand dealers were given a description of the missing property, and all the known bad characters in the place were rounded up and questioned as to their movements on the previous night.

A reward of 1,000 dollars was offered for information leading to the capture of the perpetrators of the outrage and the amateur sleuths got busy.

All day long I listened to their stories, some were more or less probable, but most of them were utterly fantastic.

I went back to my bungalow and had bathed and changed and was sitting on my veranda when an undersized Chinese appeared, and addressed me.

He told me there was gambling in progress at a certain Chinese hotel named the Yam Seng, situated in the centre of the town, and the stakes ran into thousands of dollars.

This I accepted with reserve, but I took down his information and sent for a detective named Ah Leong, whom I knew I could trust. I gave him the information, and asked him what he thought about it.

"Tuan," he said, "I believe this is a true case. I have been watching the place for the last week, and they certainly gamble there a lot."

This decided me, and I determined to make a raid. The difficulty was how to get in. According to my informer, they were gambling upstairs, and had look-outs posted everywhere. It was clearly impossible to take them by surprise, and equally useless to rush the place, for by the time we had reached the top of the stairs all evidence of gambling would have been removed. We appeared to be stuck, but something had to be done.

SUDDENLY Ah Leong gave a cry. "Tuan," he said, "to-night the dhobie returns the Yam Seng's laundry. We will carry you up in the basket."

I burst out laughing. The plan seemed too far-fetched. However, I soon saw the sense of it.

So with Ah Leong acting as dhobie's coolie and another detective pulling the rickshaw, I was taken down to the Yam Seng. I had previously instructed a force of police to conceal themselves in the neighbourhood, and all was prepared.

When we arrived I was bumped out of the rickshaw and carried upstairs.

On reaching the top of the stairs they carried me into a lighted room and dumped me on the floor. It seemed to be full of people and there were unmistakable sounds of gambling.

Suddenly I arose from my basket and pounced on the table. One of the players drew a revolver and levelled it at me. I dived for his legs and down he went in a Rugger tackle. There was a loud report and a bullet went through the ceiling.

Simultaneously the lights went out and both detectives blew their whistles. In rushed the constables and the fight began.

It was pitch dark and we had to make blind grabs trusting to luck. Someone caught hold of my hair, but I hit him in the stomach and he soon let go. Then I saw something gleam. I thought it was a knife. It was, and I crashed my fist into the owners' face. Then I saw a Chinese trying to get out of the window, so I tried to drag him back. He was frantic with fear and as slippery as an eel, but eventually my superior weight told and I got him on the ground. A P.C. came to my aid, and together we secured him.

Then the fight started in earnest, and the police, using their handcuffs as weapons, inflicted many nasty wounds.

But I had one nasty moment when I looked up from my prisoner and saw the gleam of a wicked-looking knife, and felt, rather than saw, a hefty Chinese lunge at me. More by good luck than anything else I managed to catch his wrist, and one of my P.Cs hit him in the face.

Down he came and landed on top of me, but he was blinded with blood so that it was a very simple matter to put the handcuffs on him.

By now it was just a free-for-all fight, but with our two prisoners in the way on the floor and everyone treading on them, the heart seemed to be out of the rest of the gang.

The clicking of handcuffs told me that gradually the culprits were being secured, and then someone got a light. Things became easier, and the prisoners were herded into one corner.

I took stock of the room. All the furniture was overturned and the floor was covered with money, dominoes and counters.

WE collected nearly 3,000 dollars in cash, to say nothing of the counters. On the floor I also found the revolver which had been fired at me. It was loaded in four chambers; the fifth and sixth had been fired. We then searched the prisoners and found another revolver concealed on one of them.

Ah Leong said he was a stranger to the town, as were five of the other prisoners. This was confirmed by the hotel keeper, and he said they were staying in his hotel.

We took them back to the station, and I sent the revolvers to the armourer. Five minutes later he came back, shouting:

"Tuan, Tuan, it is the same one that killed Kim Swi."

He showed me the barrel, and I was able to discern a flaw in one of the grooves. I immediately went back to the hotel and searched the rooms of the six strangers.

There, under the mattresses and carpets, we found the widow's jewellery, together with a pile of money.

It was all up with our prisoners, and they knew it. One by one they confessed. I have done many strange things while investigating crime, but never before or since have I hidden in a washing basket to catch a murderer.

MILTON CLEANS FALSE TEETH

THIS LADY HAD BEEN HAVING THE GREATEST DIFFICULTY WITH HER FALSE TEETH UNTIL—

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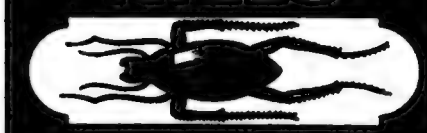

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If you are a victim of stomach trouble, if you know the agony of indigestion, wind and sickness in the stomach read what Mr. Joseph Kelly of Granville Square, London, writes:—

"I have been a sufferer from stomach troubles for over 20 years—during the war and since. Some time ago I had an operation for the stomach trouble—Ulcerated Stomach—but the old trouble came on. I have tried all sorts of remedies and different kinds of so-called Maclean Powder, but since I obtained a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder I shall use no other. For the last nine weeks I have had no indigestion or sickness in the stomach and I can thoroughly recommend it to anybody suffering from any kind of stomach trouble."

Follow Mr. Kelly's example but be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

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When my CONSCIENCE Pricked Me

LIKE most boys, I liked apples best when they were stolen; but I had never before raided the only tree in "Widow Bennet's" garden.

When, finally, with two other boys, I practically stripped the tree, doing much damage to the garden in the process, I fell badly, spraining my ankle.

The dear old soul—who must have had a shrewd idea as to who were the culprits—came round next day to rub my swollen joint with a special liniment she made, and I made my first acquaintance with the thing called "Conscience."—*H. E., Hertford.*

Debt Settled

Ten years ago I borrowed £100 from a friend. There was no written record of the loan, and when he died I was tempted to say nothing of it to anyone.

His wife and family were left amply provided for, and repayment now would prove a real hardship to me.

Nevertheless, I am troubled from time to time with the pricks of conscience on account of that debt.—*T. L., Kent.*

Surprised Mother

As a child I was being punished by my mother for some misdemeanour, and, rebellious, I kicked out. When she suddenly desisted, I knew I had really hurt her, but wouldn't go to her and say I was sorry. Some days later I surprised her bathing bruises on her legs.

It is forty years ago now, and that dear little mother long since dead, but conscience never ceases to prick me.—*J. G. H., Darlington.*

Paid—Unquestioned

An overflowing tank in the bathroom caused water to drip through the drawing-room ceiling. The trouble happened during the night, and by daybreak a carpet and two cushion covers had been ruined.

Luckily I was insured, and when preparing my claim I realised how easy it would be to hold an old tablecloth under the water tap and include it in the claim.

And so the deed was done, quite facetiously. But my conscience gave me a very nasty prick when the insurance company admitted the claim without question.—"*Guilty,*" *Kettering.*

Knew Culprit

I was employed in the accounts department of a large firm. One day it was discovered that £10 was missing from the petty cash, and as a result a clerk was dismissed, although stoutly protesting his innocence.

An injustice was done, for I knew the real culprit; it was my best friend, and for this reason I kept silent.

Unfortunately, my friend went from bad to worse, and my conscience pricks me sorely at having sacrificed an innocent man.—*A. J., Purley.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

Really Blind

Every morning I passed an old man, who wore blue spectacles and carried a notice "Blind." He would sit huddled on the pavement, hoping the passers-by would take pity on him.

One day my friend gave him sixpence, and I remonstrated. I said that the fellow probably had more money than my friend, and that in all probability he was not really blind.

A few weeks later the well-known spot on the pavement was vacant. Returning home from his day-post, the old blind man had been knocked down and killed, leaving a wife and six children, whose existence entirely depended upon the generosity of the "passers-by."—"*Present Giver,*" *Bromwich.*

Proceeds Unshared

Undoubtedly the chair was genuine Chippendale. It stood in the corner of a country cottage where I had stopped for tea while on a cycling tour.

My hostess, a white-haired old lady, was delighted to accept the £2 I offered for the "old chair"—which subsequently realised a hundred guineas at auction.

I never returned to that old-world cottage; but my conscience tells me that I should have sent her a share of the proceeds.—*G. L., Thornton Heath.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, May 29.

The Sight I'll Never Forget

Collection Well-spent

I told the father of one of my Sunday School pupils that the boy spent his collection on sweets.

Later I discovered that the father was a brute and punished the child cruelly. In fact, the child bought sweets because he had been deprived of his dinner for some trivial offence.

My conscience pricked me because I felt I had turned the boy against religion.—"*Sunday School Teacher,*" *Bristol.*

"Did" Conductor

Many months ago, when I inadvertently missed paying a penny fare on a tram, I thought nothing of it, except that the company could afford to lose it.

The other day I saw a man ignore the conductor's "Fares please," and just afterwards an inspector came aboard, found the man had not paid his fare, and intimated his intention of reporting the conductor.

I cannot forget the conductor's harassed expression as he told us he could not afford to lose the ten shillings he would inevitably be fined. "My wife's expecting a baby," he said.

Never again will I "do" a conductor.—"*Typist,*" *New Malden.*

No Ill-feeling

I was home on leave, all puffed up with my own importance, and, having drank more than was good for me, quarrelled with my father. Some very unpleasant things were said on both sides, ending by me walking out saying I hoped I'd never see my father again.

I was back in France only three months when I got a "Blighty," which landed me in a hospital in London.

When my father appeared at my bedside, tears streaming down his face, his pitiful cry of, "Thank Heaven you're safe, my son," made my conscience prick me.—*W. J. H., Liverpool.*

Justified Ruse

A Court bailiff has often to use his wits to effect an entrance for purposes of distraint.

On one occasion I had tried unsuccessfully for a fortnight to execute a warrant. Then, knowing that the tenant's wife was in hospital awaiting an operation, I sent him a telegram, and waited near by until it was delivered.

As the anxious husband tore open the envelope expecting news of his wife, I slipped over the threshold. The recollection of my ruse, though justified, always gives me a twinge of conscience.—*H. L. P., Dungeness.*

Innocent Pal

One day years ago my mother made a cake, iced it and left it on a table.

Each time I went near it I took a little bit of the icing, until, when she went for it, there were little marks all over it. Of course I was asked, but denied all knowledge of the act, and finally the dog was blamed and beaten.

Now, when we speak of the cake the dog liked, I feel just as rotten a coward as when my Pal took the spanking which would, if I had owned up, have been mine.—*J. H. D., Lancs.*

Unpleasant Afterthoughts

I used to work in a Government factory wherein high explosives are made and put into shells, bombs and grenades.

One day an employee, who was an old soldier, gave me an insubordinate reply to a rebuke, and I caused his instant dismissal. A few days later his body was found in the Thames. At the inquest it was disclosed that he had been badly shell-shocked in the war.

His irritability had been caused by his war disability, while he left a wife and five children. My quiet thoughts about my severity towards that war-wreck are not pleasant.—"*Martinet,*" *Woolwich.*

* * *

The Friday morning when I borrowed my wife's last penny for cigarettes and a bet and left her without a copper to buy herself anything for dinner.—*A. E. P., Manchester.*

When I had to give my son a thrashing for stealing apples, and all the while I was guilty of doing the same thing when I was a lad but had never been found out.—*A. J., Selly Oak.*

When I realised how much more I might have done for my mother during life. Now it is too late! That's when my conscience pricked me.—*L. F., Acocks Green.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

DERBY Long Shot

I SHALL have one more opportunity of referring to the Derby, but, barring mishaps in training, my original selections, Colombo and Windsor Lad, will be the black-letter tips.

Several of the critics have described Windsor Lad as moderate, after every victory. Maybe they are right, but, apart from Colombo, my contention is that the Derby field will be mediocre.

My readers always demand a long-shot for a modest investment, so why not risk a trifle each-way on Admiral Drake, runner-up to Brantome in the French "Guineas"?

Inasmuch as this one in the French Free Handicap was considered as the second-best two-year-old in France, and 12 lb. superior to Easton—now at Beckhampton—the "Admiral" does not seem a bad proposition.

Another bet has gone West! A reader tells me he has wagered 5s. that Hermit's classic victory was known as the "Snowstorm Derby." Snow was certainly falling slightly in Hermit's year, 1867, but the snowstorm Derby was run in 1839 and was won by Bloomsbury.

We must look to Lingfield to pay our week-end bills. Whin and Dusty may land the Saturday "double," and Alishah may win the Derby Trial Stakes.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 24, to Wednesday, May 30.

A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F O
K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

GZKD9498JS would read FLAMENCO.

Where a double letter occurs in the name or a horse the figure 2 is substituted. R94Z29398F96S98 would read WELLINGTON.

'ASPRO' is WOMAN'S FRIEND

'ASPRO' is a great help to women in the strenuous conditions under which they now live. It gives instant relief from "petty pains"—irritability—soothes nerviness and ensures sweet sleep after an exhausting day in the office or home. 'ASPRO' protects her, too, from the numerous ailments by which she is liable to be attacked when in a run-down condition.

Most women are martyrs to headache. As 'ASPRO' banishes headache definitely in a few minutes IT IS A FRIEND IN NEED TO EVERY WOMAN. Then, again, the fact that 'ASPRO' neither deadens nor drugs—that it is safe, sure and effective—that it harms neither the heart nor the stomach—enables ALL to partake of its protection without fear of complications.

The Wise Woman Keeps 'ASPRO' on Hand for Sudden Attacks of Pain—Headache—Sleeplessness—Irritability, etc.

Read these Letters:

SEVERE INTERNAL PAINS GO OVERNIGHT

3, Isabella Terrace, Clarendon St.,
Spring Bank, Hull.

Dear Sir,

As a user of 'ASPRO' tablets, I feel it my duty to pass this on to some poor soul in pain for severe internal pains. I was unable to move for my back yesterday, but thanks to you for your 'ASPRO' tablets at bedtime, this morning my pain has left me. You may use this as you wish, for a testimonial.

Yours truly,
MARY ANN BATES.

MARVELLOUS FOR BAD HEADS AND NERVE TROUBLE

421, High Street,
Cheltenham Spa.

Dear Sirs,

I have been a sufferer for some years with bad heads and nerve trouble.

A short time ago I was told about 'ASPRO' and last week I was ill and tried them as a last resource. The results have been marvellous and I feel I now have something to rely upon to save me from pain in the future. I am grateful for such a remedy and do not mind if you tell others.

Gratefully yours,
G. BARKER (Mrs.).

Try 'ASPRO' for

INFLUENZA, HEADACHES, SLEEPLESSNESS, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS, TOOTHACHE, COLDS, LUMBAGO, IRRITABILITY, NEURITIS, HAY FEVER, NERVE SHOCK, PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN, MALARIA, ASTHMA

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

PRICES 3D. 6D. 1/- 3/2 6

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to medical science and its claims are based on its superiority.

AGENTS:
COLLIN & CO., PTY., LTD.
('Aspro' Dept.),
SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Telephone: Slough 008.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made by ASPRO, LTD., Slough England.

EXTRA TABLETS FREE!
The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains ten extra tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO.' The next cheapest way is the 1/3 packet, which contains two extra tablets.

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

PILES ENDED WITHOUT SURGERY

OUR FREE OFFER

With the Magic Brand Three-Fold Treatment no case is too stubborn or too long-standing to be completely and permanently cured. The easy application and wonderful powers of absorption of the Magic Three-Fold Treatment are amazing. It soothes and relieves immediately after the first application, and effects a cure in the shortest possible time. Read what our cured patients say:—

Mr. P. H., of Cardiff, writes:—"I suffered for two years and spent pounds trying to get ease, with no result. Now, within three weeks of using the Magic Pile Cure, all pain and swelling has gone. I consider the treatment worth its weight in gold."

Mrs. F., of Kingston, says:—"The Magic Pile Cure has worked wonders with me. After suffering for six months I am now quite cured."

With the Magic Pile Cure there is no painful or dangerous operation to be faced; no harmful drugs to undermine the system; nothing to interfere with the daily routine. Just a soothing, healing remedy, easily applied, and affording relief with the first application. Try this treatment at our expense. Write to-day and a complete 5/- Treatment will be sent FREE, post paid, in plain cover.

MAGIC LABORATORIES, M.N.26, NEW COURT, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

£1,050 Won in Crossword Competition No. 258.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following three competitors, who share the £850 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £283 6s. 8d. will be sent:—

C. Llewellyn, Llynvell, Jackroyd Lane, Newsome, Huddersfield.

Miss E. Perry, 45, Uverdale Road, Chelsea, S.W.10.

J. H. Thornton, 13, Brompton Terrace, Philadelphia, Co. Durham.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, June 5th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 34 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £2 18s. 10d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

In addition to the above cash awards, each of the 34 competitors sharing the Runners-up Prize will receive a Bonus Award value £2—a Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries for our contest.

Another Splendid X-word with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £6 a month and £600 cash, together with prizes for runners-up, appears on page 36. Try your skill!

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write to-day for the GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating all the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, at prices which show a substantial saving. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

EASTBOURNE Two-piece Swagger Suit produced in All Wool Cheviot Weave Blanket Cloth with small flesh. With slot-through bow-tie fastening, patch pockets, collar, cuffs, & hems trimmed with three rows machine stitching in contrasting colour, buttons to tone. Plain skirt with inverted box pleat in centre front, and self material belt. In Cream only with Brown Flecking, & Green, Blue, Wine or Black machine stitching & Buttons. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. Busts: 32 to 38in. Skirt Lengths: 30 to 36in. Price 23/6

Terms: 3/- Monthly.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

Send to-day for full range of Patterns, Post Free. Costumes, Frocks, Furs, Underwear, Coats, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with self measurement form and all particulars will be sent you per return.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

3/- Monthly

"— SO NOW I'M NOT ASHAMED TO LET ANYONE SEE THE LAVATORY"

"HERE'S MY OLD WAY—till I realised that the brush *couldn't reach the bend in the pipe* as Harpic does, so it couldn't possibly clean the lavatory-pan properly."

"NOW JUST THIS REGULAR SPRINKLE of Harpic cleans and disinfects the lavatory-pan thoroughly for me—*removes the cause* of odours—and does the job easily, without dangerous acids."

"HARPIC'S STRONG DISINFECTANT ACTION kills the dangerous germs and leaves the lavatory-pan clean and white as well as safe and sanitary—all without disagreeable labour."

HARPIC —CLEANS and DISINFECTS LAVATORY-PANS 6d. 1/- & 1/9 HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD. HULL AND LONDON **—HARPIC**

FINE PENSION and FORTUNE for "JOHN BULL'S" X-WORD!

£6 EVERY MONTH FOR LIFE or **£600**

£100 Between all Runners-up

£100 EXTRA between Runners-up from whom we receive two 6d. entries in the same envelope

BONUS AWARD VALUE... **£2**
a Season Ticket providing 80 free 6d. entries for our Crossword Contest for every Runner-up.

£850

FOLLOW HIM into the PRIZE-LIST!

The JOHN BULL Crossword appeals to me because it is so simple, yet so clear," says Mr Frank Flower, 80 Welbeck Street Whitwell, nr Mansfield, winner of £425 in our contest. "My solution was arrived at by careful study of the Clues

261

SOME Crossword problems are dreary affairs, but our Compiler entertains and puzzles you at the same time. He sets problems to please the ordinary man; puzzles with common-sense Clues which rarely call for the aid of a dictionary; puzzles which may be tackled as easily in the train or the garden as in your armchair indoors.

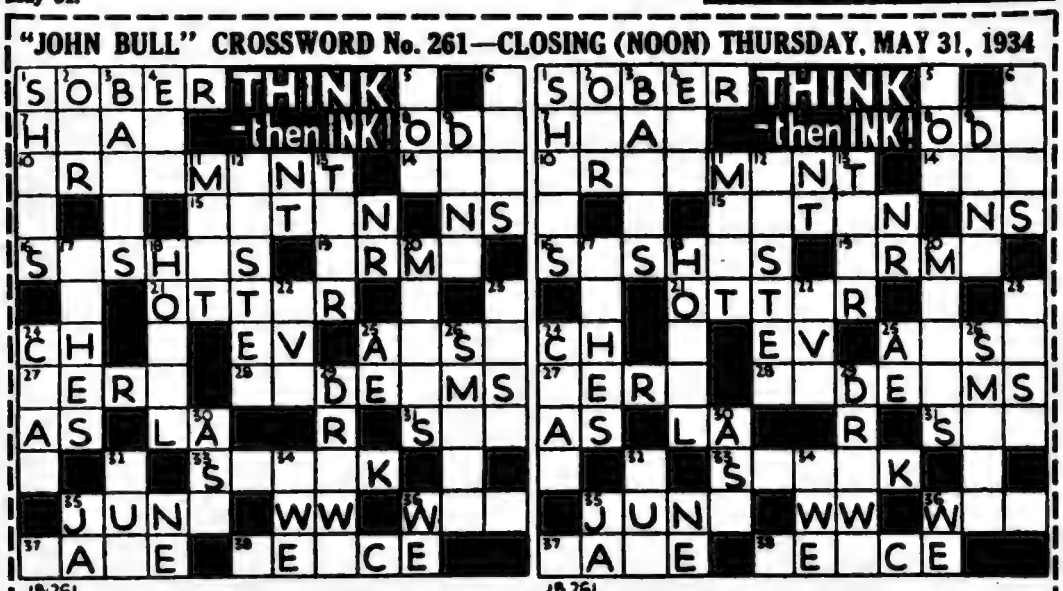
The prizes in "John Bull's" Contests are also unmatched. In no other square to-day can you win such a splendid 2-in-1 First Prize as a Pension for Life of £6 a month, plus an immediate fortune of £600 cash.

Remember, too, that in our Contest a single incorrect letter cannot rob you of a prize, for there is as much as £200 to be divided, as announced, amongst the Runners-up. With your share of this sum, moreover, "John Bull" will send you a valuable extra Bonus Award—a Season Ticket providing 80 free entries for future Contests.

Start now on the interesting Clues of this week's amusing puzzle. All First Prize-winners will be wired on Thursday, June 7, but you cannot be amongst them unless your squares are in by noon, Thursday, May 31.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £6 a month and £600 Cash (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. A Season Ticket providing Eighty Free Entries to our Crossword Contest will be added to every Runners-up prize. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 7, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 14th.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 261—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1934



JB 261

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

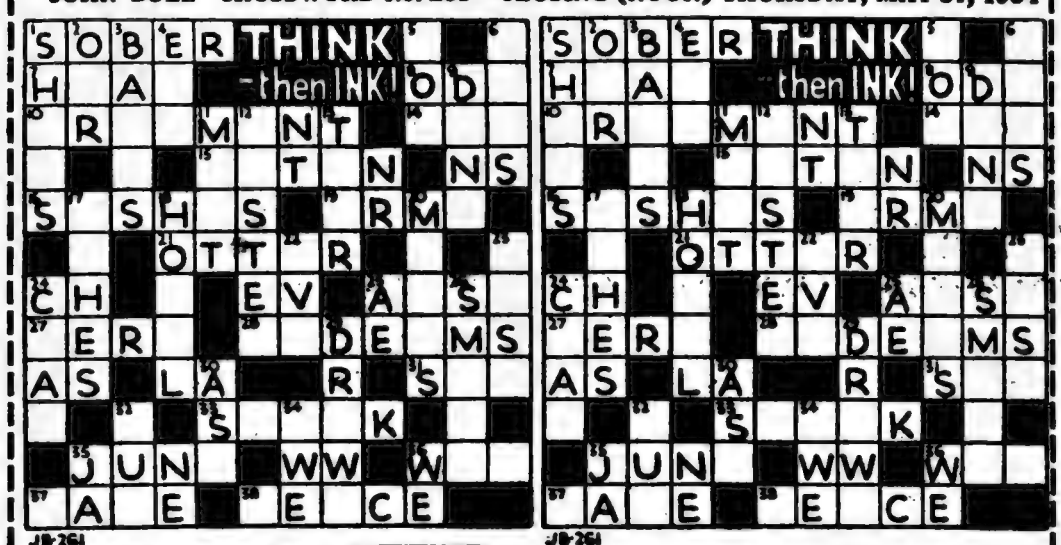
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 261—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1934



JB 261

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

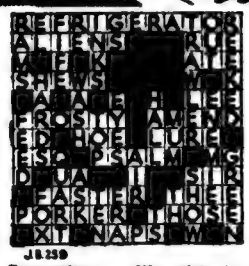
ADDRESS .....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for 6d. With four squares send one P.O. for 1/-. See Rule 2.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 261, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)



JB 259

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word 259

Winners in 258 on page 35. Result of 259 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 259 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Not drunk
7. You do this with your cars
8. Poem
10. Often adorns mantelpiece
14. Woman's "No" often means this
15. Not drunk
16. Are often worn round party frock
19. A fighting force
21. Water animal that's hunted
25. In addition to
27. Not there
28. Atones for
31. Take a seat
33. Likely to be improved by good beating
35. Rubbish
36. It often glistens in the sun
37. You often see notice about closing one
38. Sonny gets through with ease

DOWN

1. Good ones are needed on the moors
2. Over without the "v"
3. They should be well up in air
4. A good many years
5. Young girl dances with
6. Muddled work usually leads to
9. Repudiate
11. Gathering of fox-hunters
12. Holiday which comes before Whitsun
13. Rent in a piece of material
17. Australians may leave England with these
18. Living in one makes good home appreciated
20. Some travel underground
22. Mrs. Adam
23. What you spend depends on this
24. Means a jaw
26. To do this can disarm your opponent
29. Load is, by horse
30. Inquire
32. You feel cramped when you live in one
34. Female sheep

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE, for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it '& Co.'; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, May 31, 1934.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 14, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, June 26, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared, £850 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

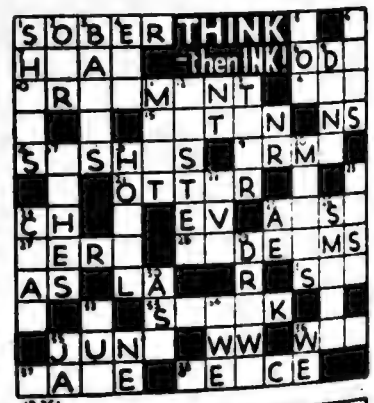
NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

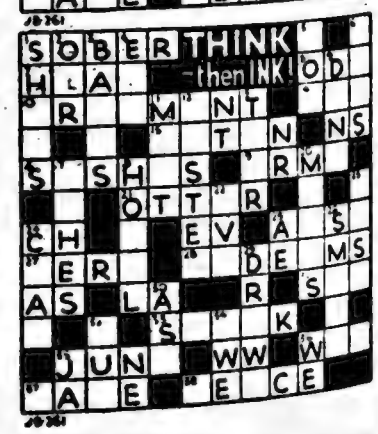
KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW
These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

JB 261

JB 261



JB 261



JB 261

FREE HELP
with "John Bull's" puzzles awaits you in the **Crossword Gazette.** Register on **Bulletin** coupon in "Bullets" page.

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

ATHLETE (Edinburgh).—"What should a tug-of-war team wear?" Pull-overs.

F. B. (Wimbledon).—"Speedway riding needs pluck." And grit.

MOUNTAINEER (Carmarthen).—It has been my lifelong wish that one day I may climb the Matterhorn." High hopes.

E. G. (Gunton).—"Who first said it was every man's duty to get married." Probably some furniture dealer.

B. E. T. (Kew).—"Is rainwater good for one's complexion?" Yes, providing one's complexion is one's complexion.

J. E. (Tadworth).—"Dad is no cricketer, yet all my brothers and I are bats." So he named your home The Belfry?

H. A. (Leeds).—"The man who whistles never swears." On the other hand, the man who has to listen to him does.

W. C. D. (Cardiff).—"After having driven my car 50,000 miles I sold it." Were the parking-places all filled up?

T. R. (Bromley).—"What is an infernal machine?" The car which stuck in front of ours the whole of last Sunday evening.

A. A. (Dumbarton).—"Did you read about the policeman's feat in a fire?" They ought to have put it out all right.

PRIZEFIGHTER (Ilford).—"I used to be an office boy." You must have given the stamps an awful licking.

ZOOLOGIST (Regent's Park).—"When a lion argues with its mate, it rises and holds itself erect." It stands to reason.

MARY (Blackpool).—"The man I marry must be an Englishman of the right stamp." One bearing the national mark?

McN. (Edinburgh).—"Do you think I'm safe in buying a watch with a ten-year guarantee?" Time will tell.

R. C. (Banff).—"I tore my hands to pieces while pruning my rose-trees." They must have been a scratch lot.

GALLERYITE (Ealing).—"The theatre queue is a proverbial jest." A standing joke, in fact.

POET (Torquay).—"My body is here, but my soul is in Italy." Well, you are not the only poet who couldn't succeed in keeping body and soul together.

P. A. (Norwich).—"There is nothing very exciting to be extracted out of the talkies." The censor usually finds quite a lot.

SEPTUAGENARIAN (Rugeley).—"Mothers don't make scrapbooks for their children these days." Children prefer to turn their books into scraps.

D. J. (Rochester).—"Many people in this country are unable to read." We wish some of them would sit next to us when we open our paper in the train.

H. G. (Redcar).—"Would you like to know of a sure method of reducing your light bills?" We would prefer a way of reducing the heavy ones first.

S. S. B. (Ilfracombe).—"There has been a decline in the string industry." Twine manufacturers must be feeling all unstrung.

CRICKETER (Mitcham).—"What is it called when the ball hits the wicket straight from the bowler's hand without touching the ground?" Out, usually.

M. L. (Swindon).—"Three years ago I was only a porter, but now I'm a stationmaster." You were evidently trained on the right lines.

HISTORIAN (Dunfermline).—"In the old days kings were always present when a jester was being executed." At their wit's end.

MRS. W. (Herne Bay).—"I wonder what the originators of time said when they measured out twenty-four hours?" Let's call it a day!

R. B. (Ripon).—"He suggested that advertisements might be printed on the pavements." Somebody is sure to put their foot down on it.

GEO. H. (Hammersmith).—"It is estimated that in the London suburbs there is a population of 3.1 per house." Is he .1 the small creature you see pushing the lawn-mower on Saturday afternoons?

W. T. (Durham).—"A cyclist who collided with a stationary car has failed to obtain damages from the owner." He will have to be content with those he obtained from the car.

R. K. (Liverpool).—"A public-speaker hates to see members of his audience look at their watches during his speech." What annoys him even more is when they hold them up to their ears to see if they're going.

Viking (Whitstable).—"Don't you love to stand by the edge of the sea and feel the spray?" Not when it is caused by large, hairy dogs who have just retrieved their masters' sticks.

ABSTAINER (Harringay).—"There is only one sure way of attaining old age." By keeping on living?

JERRY BUILDER (Halesowen).—"A shortage of bricks is responsible for my house being held up." By the wallpaper?

IMPORTER (Smithfield Market).—"Do you know where the millions of foreign eggs come from?" Hens.

INDIGNANT (Windsor).—"What do husbands take us wives for?" Better or worse, usually.

K. N. (London, S.).—"My wife and I have invested our savings in a swimming-bath." Pooling your resources.

M. W. (Staines).—"I couldn't possibly sham sickness or lumbago if my wife wanted me in the garden." Is she a doctor?

DICK (Penzance).—"When I go to a doctor, I expect him to tell me what is wrong with me." If you are pig-headed even that might not convince you.

MRS. T. W. (Weymouth).—"I had just picked up the poker when my husband came in." Was it intended, or was it just coincidence?

HENPECKED (Bath).—"I know my wife is handsome, I am sure she is, and no one had better say otherwise!" You have learned your lesson well!

C. H. (Kettering).—"And the thieves managed to get away through a window not more than a foot square." A narrow escape.

VISITOR (Perth).—"The cottage is three hundred years old and has never had a stone nor a stick altered." We know that kind of landlord.

W. L. (Brighton).—"An American moneylender was recently divorced by his wife because he was always flirting with other women." But it's a moneylender's job to make advances.

LIBRARIAN (Horncastle).—"Suppose you were a sole shipwreck survivor on a desert island. What book would you like to have with you?" Anything but a railway time-table.

H. D. (St. Andrews).—"A golfer cannot expect the ball to go where he wishes unless he sets about it in the right way." Naturally, it won't reach its proper destination if he doesn't address it properly.

E. R. (Wapping).—"I bought a caravan for a song." Wagon wheels?

A. P. (Tring).—"All my office workers and I are friends." Firm friends.

E. M. (Barnet).—"There are too many cat-burglars." How many should there be?

J. E. G. (Harrow Weald).—"The output of my business is always rising." So you make yeast?

F. L. (Hoylake).—"Then the conjuror laid four eggs on the table. . . ." Extraordinary fellow!

M. B. (Luton).—"My daughter has married a barrister." So now you have a son-in-law in law.

S. D. (Beckton).—"Why don't you print something that really grips?" You'll find a bulldog on our cover.

L. R. (Taunton).—"I'd rather be hanged than pay income-tax." Well, isn't it capital punishment either way?

B. W. (Hitchin).—"I dislike to see a dog or cat continually scratching." It is rather irritating.

R. T. (South Shields).—"I have been a billposter for thirty-seven years." That's what we call sticking to a job.

G. H. W. (Romford).—"My wife has left me seven times." Whom did you marry? Your cook?

CLEVER (Abridge).—"Intelligence is written all over my face." In invisible ink?

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"Most men have a natural aptitude for drawing." Hence bank overdrafts.

CAMPER (Lyme Regis).—"There was a squall on my first night here, but it soon blew over." The tent?

N. T. (Wembley).—"The present generation have their parents beaten in every respect." Except, perhaps, in respect.

NIGHT WATCHMAN (London, E.C.).—"I am just the type for my job." Are you lantern-jawed?

MISS D. (Clacton).—"Although I always refuse, they ask me to sing every time they hold a concert." Well, that seems to explain itself.

H. M. (Marshfield).—"I expect there will be a good many slugs in my vegetable garden this year." And a good deal of your vegetable garden in the slugs.

S. M. G. (Carlisle).—"It must be nice to be a professional cricketer and get an extra 'fiver' for making a century." Yes, but the *Bullets* entrant who makes the biggest hit this week is going to get two hundred "fivers." Use those £1,000 coupons on page 39.

PSYCHO (Plymouth).—"Going about with the hands stuck in the trousers pockets is a sign of weak intellect." Or weak braces.

ALEX. (Perth).—"Someone has observed that our shoulders are becoming curved." That is what comes of keeping them to the wheel.

FLORIST (Cambridge).—"I specialise in flowers for young men in love." With an uneven number of petals so that "She loves me, loves me not" always ends up "She loves me"?

S. N. (New York).—"Men were swept off their feet when a vat containing 10,000 gallons of beer burst in a Philadelphia brewery." Then a lot of interfering busybodies commenced rescue work.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

ERNIE:

by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Weak Kidneys

CAUSE UNTOLD AGONIES

Don't be a Too-old, Worn-out Man

Down-dragging weakness, constant dull pain in the back, bladder trouble, exhaustion, impure blood, uric acid pains, bad nights, feeling too-old, worn-out . . . something must be done quickly.

Weak kidneys are the real cause of these painful, crippling troubles. You want to get back manly vigour, the strength to enjoy your work and pleasures. Well then, start with De Witts Kidney and Bladder Pills now. This famous remedy makes you feel fine and vigorous. It conquers weak back, tired-out, too-old feeling.

In 24 hours you see their quick, blood-purifying action. Persevere, and your body pains, your weakness will end. No more exhausted feeling. Others will envy your new-found health and strength.

You surely want to be pain-free, healthy and happy—well, get the remedy tried and trusted for 50 years and remember the name—

DE WITTS
BRAND
Kidney and Bladder PILLS

Sold only in the blue, white and gold boxes, price 3/-. Larger, more economical size, 5/-

If you live in agony from piles, get MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

Indigestion Sufferers Here is New Hope

How much longer are you going to neglect slight or serious symptoms of indigestion? We tell you and can prove that the truly wonderful new-principle remedy—De Witt's Antacid Powder for Indigestion—will most surely help you to end your trouble.

Every day more and more letters tell us that in cases of Sour Acid Stomach, Palpitation, Flatulence, Heartburn, Burning Griping Pains, this quick-action remedy is wonderful.

Where everything has failed, this new remedy has ended awful pain and built, once again, sound digestion. Stop your pain and danger now. Go to your chemist and get a supply of

DE WITT'S
ANTACID POWDER
FOR INDIGESTION 1/6

Mr JOHN HOUBEN WHOSE DISCOVERY IS REVOLUTIONISING THE TREATMENT OF CATARRH

Will you allow me to send you

FREE OF CHARGE INSTANT RELIEF FROM CATARRH

HAY FEVER, HEAD NOISES, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS

Also Free particulars of how you can eradicate this serious ailment for ever

I AM in the fortunate position of being able to bring FREE immediate RELIEF and speedy COMPLETE IMMUNITY to sufferers from Catarrh in all its troublesome and unpleasant forms by means of a new scientific yet simple, inexpensive and effective home treatment which is so sure that its success is GUARANTEED.

CATARRH

COUGH

This is a strong claim, but it is absolutely true so far as Catarrh, Head Noises, Catarrhal Deafness, Hay Fever, Colds, Coughs, and Indigestion are concerned.

"An Ounce of Proof is worth Tons of Assertion"

Further, I shall, as an earnest of what it will do, send entirely FREE of CHARGE to all who fill in and post the Form at foot, a few drops of a very wonderful new preparation that is an important part of my discovery. Even this small quantity will give some INSTANT RELIEF in every case, however severe or troublesome.

Accompanying this, without any obligation whatsoever upon the recipient, are particulars of my offer to eradicate the trouble entirely from the system under a legally binding Guarantee which assures the sufferer that unless complete satisfaction is obtained it shall cost nothing whatever.

I shall also send FREE a specially informative leaflet on Catarrh in non-technical language, quoting a number of medical and other reports confirming that my method ensures:

HEADACHE

DEAFNESS

No more unpleasant mucus in the throat.

Nose congestion cleared. Sneezing, Snuffling and Constant Blowing ended.

Hearing completely restored.

Noises in head banished.

Freedom from Hay Fever, Coughs, Colds, Bad Breath, and Unnatural Tiredness or Languor.

I therefore invite all who have any form of Catarrh to fill in and forward the coupon below without delay.

DETACH HERE

IMPORTANT MEDICAL APPROVAL OF NEW DISCOVERY WHICH "CANNOT FAIL"

Doctor internationally distinguished for Biological Research Work reports:

HARLEY ST.
25/4/34

"From my experience of the treatment suggested by you for Catarrhal Conditions I am satisfied that it cannot fail to do good to all who faithfully follow the directions."

....., *M.D., F.R.C.S.*

{This Doctor's full report sent to all who forward the coupon on right.}

DETACH HERE

POST FOR INSTANT RELIEF *FREE*

Please send FREE IMMEDIATE RELIEF for my Catarrh and particulars of offer to banish the trouble.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Please Print Clearly in block capitals .....

I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage, etc.
J.B. 26/5/34.

To MR JOHN HOUBEN (DIRECTOR)
MESSRS HAMLYN & HOUBEN LTD
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS
110 FLEET ST
LONDON EC4

HE LEAPT to a £750 SUCCESS!

Joiner Joins the Ranks of First Prize-winners

He'll soon be off— on another holiday

"WINNING £750 and a 50-Guinea Radio Gramophone might upset some people, but not my boy," said the mother of Mr. R. G. Patterson, when a JOHN BULL representative called with congratulations at his home at 25, Birdwood Road, West Derby, Liverpool. "He's keeping on with his work as a joiner and won't be back till late this evening.

"He's a very level-headed boy," she added proudly, "and though he's only twenty-four, he's got an old head on young shoulders."

Then Mrs. Patterson showed the notebook in which her son had neatly entered his efforts during his career as a "Bulleteer" of just over two years. In the margin his past winnings were recorded—numerous minor awards, £1 and a Hamper, with one of £3. And there was the magic word "First" against this *Bullet* which he had entered for our 935th Contest, ON HIS MIND—BOSS "BARKING"—KIDDIE COUGHING.

Now let us tell you something Mr. Patterson himself said about this huge success which has rewarded his plodding.

"I have taken *Bullets Bulletin* for over two years," were his words, acknowledging receipt of our famous Friday telegram, "and that enabled me to make good use of the terms 'barking' and 'coughing' which I had noted down."

* * *

Mr. Patterson's tribute to JOHN BULL'S free weekly guide to the prize-list, offered to all those who use the Reservation Coupon on the opposite page, is echoed by a Scottish labourer, Mr. S. Elder, Jnr., 23, Leslie Street, Motherwell. His prize in this Contest was £25 cash and a 50-Guinea Radio Gramophone.

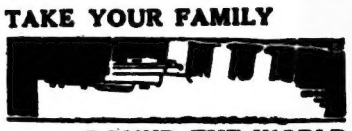
"I would never dream of tackling *Bullets* without the aid of the *Bulletin*," this winner assures JOHN BULL. "This is my second big win, for I secured £6 10s last year, and I believe I would have gone earlier if I had appreciated the *Bulletin's* value."

Like the First Prize-winner, young Mr Elder uses a note-book to jot down his ideas. And it was an article in a newspaper, he says, which gave him the basis for his timely and thoughtful *Bullet* BARRING THE WAY—HIKER, LEAVING GATE *Open*.

"My success proves that you do not need a super education to make winning *Bullets*," concludes Mr. Elder—and the truth of his words is proved by every list of winning efforts.

One of the special attractions of this week's huge offer is that its one hundred *Examples* make *Bullets* easier to construct than in any Contest of the past. Remember, as you build your efforts upon those *Examples* you prefer that what you have learnt in the school of everyday experience is more likely than any other knowledge to win you that £1,000 First Prize.

TAKE YOUR FAMILY



ROUND THE WORLD

Full and astonishing details of *Bullets'* Record Midsummer Offer will appear next week. Its opportunities will be unique.

For the First Prize-winner there will be the mighty 3-in-1 prize of £5 Weekly for Life, £1,000 cash and a Family Tour of the World. As many as 22 other fine Cash-plus-Travel awards will also figure in this sensational prize-list.

TWENTY-THREE BIG CHEQUES AWARDED THIS WEEK

FIRST PRIZE, £1,000—COMPETITION NO. 936

Miss G. CHETWOOD, 7, New Row, Hinkshay, Wellington, Salop.
Example: DOCTOR SUNSHINE
Bullet: CAME "STEALING"—RESTORED "JEWEL."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. E. BALDING, 6, Wilberforce Road, Wisbech.
Example: The Real Danger
Bullet: I'm In, In Me.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. MANN, 74, Wolseley Road, Gt. Yarmouth.
Example: The Country
Bullet: Nature's Battlefield—Humanity's Sanctuary.

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mrs. F. C. BARBER, Sarn, Aberkenfig, Glam.
The Boss's Joke—"I'm Sorry I'm *Early!*"

F. J. F. CROOK, Flat 2, "Wivenhoe," Poole Road, Westbourne, Bournemouth.
The Real Danger—League's Never Really Dangerous.

A. DODSON, 31, Oliver Grove, South Norwood, S.E.
Girl Next Door—"Miles Away"—I'm Unemployed.

L. W. DRINKWATER, Barnby Don, Doncaster.
Happier World—Our Heirs Promising Theirs!

J. HARRIS, 81, Sidney Street, Bolton.
Why He Lost—Boss Also "Picked Winners."

Mrs. HOTCHKIN, 15, Woodsley Avenue, Cleethorpes.
The Country—No Other "Touches," Britain.

J. JEFFERY, Sartor House, Paignton, Devon.
The Real Danger—To Our "Bread," Rice.

Mrs. M. JOHNS, 3, Bryn Road, Penygroes, Llanelly.
Man With A Conscience—As "Brake," Good Motorist.

Miss D. LANAGHAN, 7, Third Street, Blackhall, near West Hartlepool.
She Knows—Darby—Joan Remains Mystery.

W. D. WATSON, 4, Observatory Road, Edinburgh.
The Boss's Joke—Side-splitting—*I've* Whiskers Too!

10 PRIZES OF £3 EACH:

G. T. COOK, Grey Horse Inn, Penrith, Cumberland.
Like A Rat In A Trap—Dyspeptic Millionaire Travelling World.

C. F. EDEN, 38, New Street, St. Ebbes, Oxford.
The Real Danger—"Steel" In Europe "Storms."

J. C. EGAN, 40, Singleton Road, Splott, Cardiff.
Upset Grandpa—Reporter—Recording Angel Grandpa.

J. HOLMES, 1a, Green Lane, Ilkeston, Derbys.
Fate's Cannon-balls—*Filling* "Gaps" in Army

F. KENWORTHY, 29, Victoria Road, Barnsley.
Like A Rat In A Trap—Bachelor Nibbling Auntie's Eclairs

F. C. LAMB, 47 Burnthwaite Road, Liverpool.
Auntie's Slimming, So—Swallowing Lumps "No Sugar!"

J. L. C. LOAKE, School House, Barton Seagrave, Kettering.
Happier World—Back To *Good* Nature.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

G. RAYMOND, 18, Princes Avenue, Clifton, Kent.
On The Road—"Danger Signals" Spoiling Government.

G. SMITH, 6, Waterloo Road, Shoeburyness, Essex.
Fate's Cannon-balls—Daily—Wife's "Bombshells" Nightly!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. J. SPEAR, 7 Palmerston Road, Cadoxton, Barry, Glam.
On The Road—Fifty-fifty—Not Fifty—Sixty—

A list of 200 "Season Ticket" and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

"John Bull" Insurance Gift Registration Forms and the "John Bull" Pen Coupon appear this week on page 2

GIANT FORTUNE 4 WORDS
£1,000
CASH
BULLET
Huge New One-week Attraction...
100 EXAMPLES
have been set for this week's big contest. Read them below and you will see that this is the easiest week for making "Bullets" ever known.
10,599 OTHER PRIZES
£100 · £25
10 of £5 · 12 of £2.10s.
25 of £1 · 50 of 10/- · 500 of 2/6
2,000 'RED SEAL' TARGETS
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES
100 PRIZES of FREE
'BULLETS' ENTRY WEEKLY FOR LIFE
Added to each of 100 other prizes are valuable Bonus Awards, consisting of the privilege of entering TWO FREE "BULLETS" EVERY WEEK FOR LIFE.
10,000 £50 OPPORTUNITIES
—one added to each "Red Seal" and "Target" Prize in this Contest.

Easiest Week for making "Bullets" —and Over £1,300 in Prizes!

ONE thousand pounds in cash is the gigantic sum which will go to the sender of the best *Bullet* in this novel, big Contest before you to-day. Somebody's life will be transformed by the blessings it provides and that life can be yours.

As many as ninety-nine other big prizes are also waiting to be won—and all are big because each, from 10s. up to £100, is augmented by a Bonus Award. This enables its winner, during the rest of his lifetime, to compete without charge for not less than a million pounds in *Bullets* prizes!

Bearing these one hundred great two-in-one opportunities in mind, note now that this is the easiest week for making *Bullets* ever known, for you are provided for this contest only with as many as one hundred *Examples* to work upon.

Get busy on this splendid list this evening. There are sure to be many on which you can build good *Bullets*.

THE WAY TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet*, first go slowly through the *Examples*, jotting down the thoughts which they suggest.

Next, try polishing each of these thoughts into *Bullets*, bearing in mind that in the finished form a *Bullet* should consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words which link up neatly with the chosen *Example*, forming an apt and original comment.

Suppose, for instance, you were working upon the *Example* BRITAIN'S WEAKNESS. You might at first jot down the commonplace remark, *Criticised By People Who Are Weak Themselves.*

After further consideration, you could easily arrive at the finished *Bullet*, BRITAIN'S WEAKNESS—LISTEN TO HENPECK CONDEMNING!

Finally, before starting on this week's fine list of one hundred *Examples*, study the varied styles of the winning efforts which appear on the opposite page.

When you have fully appreciated the good points of these winners, get busy on some *Bullets* yourself, making sure that your entry is in by Saturday, June 2.

RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

CHOOSE from these 100 "EXAMPLES"

BRITAIN'S WEAKNESS
MADE IN JAPAN
MAN SHE HATES
PUTTING THE BRAKE ON
LONGER AND LONGER
WHEN HE CAME HOME
HEIR TO A MILLION
OUT FIRST BALL
IN A QUIET WAY
JOBS ARE SCARCE, SO
SINCE THEY PARTED
FATHER'S OUT SO
SWEET NOTHINGS
FANCIES HERSELF
AT THE TOP OF THE TREE
HIGH AND DRY
LEFT TO HIMSELF
HER YOUNG MAN
BETTER WITHOUT
MAN OF THE WORLD
GRANDMA AND GRANDPA
GHOSTLY VOICES
GIRL HE MARRIED
VOICE OF NATURE
OUR FOREFATHERS
THRILL FOR ALGY
TO ALL
HER BAG
IN FULL
CAPITAL
RATHER
SOON
WON'T GO
NO USE
TAKES TWO
FIRST SHOT
SIMPLE
OVERDONE
TEACHING HER
POLITICIANS
FINE SUMMER
SOLD AGAIN
MOST OF US
THE TRAINER
POORLY PAID
HER SECRET
MISLEADING
LOOKED AFTER
DEBTS
NO ROOM
TINY
POLITELY
CAUTIOUSLY
WOMAN
MY PET
TOO SLOW
MAINLY
WAY OUT
LET'S BUILD
POOR PARSON
A DAY OUT
AFTERWARDS
WISE POLICY
HIDDEN POWER
UPSET AUNTIE
WIN OR LOSE
OVER THE GARDEN WALL
PACE THAT KILLS
TOWN v. COUNTRY
"HONK! HONK!"
ALL OVER THE PLACE
WITH A GENTLE HAND
I MAY BE WRONG, BUT
LANDLADY'S BILL
CAN'T BE TRUSTED
PAIR OF FOOLS
MADE THE BOOKIE SMILE
SHE WON'T BE HAPPY TILL
SANDY'S ENGAGED, SO
STUDYING THE PRICE
THINK AHEAD AND
INJURED PARTY
THE CURTAIN FELL AND
BY FITS AND STARTS
ANXIOUS MOMENT
DANGEROUS DRIVER
BROTHERS AND SISTERS
SPEAKING PLAINLY
COOL AS A CUCUMBER
SLIPPED THROUGH HIS FINGERS
SHE'S NO ANGEL, BUT
TREAT FOR THE VILLAGE
IF WE TRY
MEN OF STEEL
NINE OUT OF TEN
SMOKE FOR THE SKIPPER
LOVED AND LOST
GOOD NOTHING
MAKES ME TIRED
ROUND THE CAMP FIRE

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(940) Closing SAT. June 2 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(940) Closing SAT., June 2 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed _____ Address _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(940) Closing SAT., June 2 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(940) Closing SAT., June 2 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Signed _____ Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 940, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp)

The original cheque for £750 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 905 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Morrison, Larkhill Lane, West Derby, Liverpool.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 905 usually purchase "John Bull."

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, which will also introduce you to a thrilling new £50-a-week *Bullets* Football Contest.

Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 20, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "*Bullets*" entry.)

ALMOND OIL

ZEE-KOL

TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap,

PALM OIL

costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL

costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

AT THE BAZAAR.

Purchaser: "Is Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap so wonderful for the complexion? I have heard such a lot of people speak about it!"

Lady Jane: "Do you consider that I have a good complexion?"

Purchaser: "I think you have the most beautiful complexion I have ever seen."

Lady Jane: "Well, I will tell, and it is not a secret. I always use Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap and have done so for years, and I take a great pleasure in being able to tell all my customers what a wonderful Soap Zee-Kol Almond Oil is. It keeps the skin so beautiful and firm and the skin feels exactly like satin, and it has a most exclusive perfume, as you can tell."

Purchaser: "Then I will take a dozen tablets. How much are they?"

Lady Jane: "They are only 6d. a tablet. They were 1/-, and they are worth at least 2/6 per tablet, as it is mostly made of Almond Oil."

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. 514), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX."

"SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush. The skin after being shaved withsoapand brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a skin food All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST WHEN ASKING FOR SHAVEX for a "Shavex" Super Blade. We guarantee it to be the longest lived blade in the world. It is a miracle of sharpness, and the smoothest that one can use on the face. Made of Chrome Steel, and honed by our secret process. Money back if disappointed, and postage.

These marvellous SHAVEX Blades are now 2d. instead of 4d.

SHAVEX is sold everywhere in 6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic, and Skin Preserver, preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time. Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX," and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

WIFE: "Come on, George! I have been ready waiting the last half-hour, and Albert has been ready for more than 20 minutes. I cannot understand why it takes such a long time every morning for you to shave!"

ALBERT: "If he would only use SHAVEX he would be ready at the same time as I am. He would shave in a quarter of the time and his face would not look scraped as it always does with using soap and brush. SHAVEX is a Skin Food, and it keeps the face soft and firm."

GEORGE: "You are perfectly right, Albert! I must give up these old-fashioned ideas of using soap and brush. I shall start using SHAVEX like everybody else does. I suppose it is only habit that has made me keep on with soap and brush."

ALBERT: "Come on, old fellow! Finish your shave with SHAVEX and you will feel as fresh as a daisy, and you will never go back to soap and brush."

WIFE: "Thank heaven he sees reason at last!"

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

for FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. R 11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS

COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin; it keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

Per Pot - - - 1/-
Large Pot - - 2/-
Large Tube - 9d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

IRENE: I cannot understand, Lilian, how you manage to keep such a beautiful complexion. You are without doubt the most beautiful woman I have ever seen; yet, my dear, you must be at least 45 years old. You are ten years older than myself and you look ten years younger.

You have not got a wrinkle.

LILIAN: My darling, don't flatter me. I am certainly 45, and my skin is kept perfect with Doge Cream. It is simply wonderful; it takes all wrinkles away. I could not believe a face cream could work such magic. It is Venetian, and does not grow hair. It is not a vanishing cream, because they only dry up the skin. It is, without doubt, a marvellous beautifier.

IRENE: Oh, Lilian, why did you keep this secret—why did you not tell me of it before? I will get some at once.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For Free Sample Tube of Doge Cream

For sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. D68), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

SKIN DISEASES

Ended in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol.

Beware of Imitations

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire and for Rheumatism.

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying some of the big Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy

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